THE Royal Martyr, K. CHARLES I. AN OPERA.

Cæsaris arma canant alii, nos Cæsaris Aras,
Et quoscunque sacris addidit ille dies. Ovid.

Ecce spectaculum dignum ad quod respiciat Deus operi suo Intentus,
Vir Fortis cum Mala Fortuna compositus.
Seneca lib. de provid.

By Alexander Pope - K

Printed in the Year 1705.

OPERA

K. CHARLES I.

KONING MARTELAAR.

THE

TO THE
QUEEN.

May it please Your Majesty,

THO Royalty be establish'd in the World by the Finger of GOD, as well as the Irrevocable Suffrages of Men, and the Persons of Princes be Sacred by the Testimony of Divine Authority, as well as by the Universal Impress and Sentiments of Mankind; (from the Consciousness of which Truth, Traitors have set up the Name and Safety of Princes, as the Painted Head of rebellious Arms against themselves;) yet, notwithstanding all that *Story* can give instance of, or that Fancy may invent;

invent; this is its Tragedy, which can neither be heightned by Aggravation, or leſſned by Excuſe.

Whilſt in the Fervour of Devotion, with Altars covered with Cypreſs, we are endeavouring to attone Heaven for an Expiation of this Blood; when theſe Religious Exerciſes intermit, our Meditation almoſt loſeth it ſelf: When we reflect, THAT HE! who in the Seat of His Imperial Dignity, ſhould be careſſed by the Greateſt of Monarchs, to have been umpire of their Quarrels, and Partner in their Fortunes; THAT HE! who from the Throne of His Magnificence, could behold ſo many Kingdoms, ſo many Grandees bending under his Sceptres; THAT HE! the Grand Arbitrator of the Lives and Fortunes of ſo many Millions, and who had all thoſe other Appanages of Royalty, delegated to him by Merit, entailed by Birth, eſtabliſhed by Law, ſecured by Oaths, ſupported by Allies, and managed by Power: And yet by a Fatality which aſtoniſhed the whole World: that HE ſhould be hurried with ſo many Currents, driven to ſo many Extremities, foil'd in ſo many Battles, lockt up in ſo many Priſons: And that the Theatre of His Glory ſhould be the Scene of His Suffering!

That the Croſs is the Way to the Crown, is no new Maxim of Chriſtianity; but that the Crown'd ſhould ſtoop to the Croſs, aſſert the Rights of Religion and Royalty on the Throne, fight for them in the Field, and by a generous overcoming of all the Struglings of Policy and Nature, die for them on a Scaffold, with an Acquieſcence becoming the Piety of a Saint, with a Magnanimity becoming the Majeſty of a King: This is the Triumph of Wreſtling; This is the Seal of Martyrdom; This is the Palm of Victory.

It's

It's because the Blood of this *Royal Martyr* yet runs warm in Your Veins, and that You, like Him, are signalizing Your Zeal for Maintenance of the Rights of GOD's Church, as well as those of Royal Majesty, that this Work presumes to lay it self at Your Majesty's Feet; and were the Performance in the least, suitable to the Dignity of the Subject, it would naturally hope for Countenance and Protection from Persons of the Highest Rank.

GOD has reserved Your Majesty for better Times; for whilst Your Arms are displaying themselves with Terror and Success abroad, and that You are not only keeping the Ballance, but changing the very Fate of Empires and Kingdoms; and in the Exercise of all Your Princely Endowments are WISE above Your Years, and STRONG above Your Sex; the Seeds of Discontent at Home are choaked in these very Bowels where they breed. All Interests and Factions are conspiring in Your Greatness; GOD is counterpoising the Disasters of Your Family, by the Felicities of your State.

Tho Pageants, and Triumphal Arches, adorn'd with all those indelible Inscriptions, which fill up the Character of a Glorious Princess, should be dedicated to such a victorious QUEEN, rather than the Tragedy of an unfortunate Monarch: Yet because Fortitude is no less the same, though unsuccessful, and that all these stroaks of Fortune have not depressed, but immortalized the Fame of this your Magnanimous Ancestor: It's hoped this Attempt and unpolished Draught of *Him*, who to the Imperial, joined the Martyr's Crown, will not be unacceptable to Your Majesty.

Since

Since our Happineſs is bound up in Yours, Intereſt as well as Duty, obliges us to pray for Your Proſperity and Greatneſs, that Your Reign may be laſting, as it is auſpicious; that You may be ever as much feared by Your Enemies, as loved by Your Subjects, and thus Your Life (that uninterupted Courſe of Triumph) in its laſt Period, ſhall be but an Acceſſion to an Immarceſſible Crown of Glory, which ſhall be ever the earneſt Prayer of,

DREAD SOVEREIGN,

YOUR MAJESTY'S

Moſt Humble, and

moſt Obedient Subject

and Servant,

ALEXANDER PYFE.

THE Royal Martyr CHARLES I.

AN OPERA.

ACT I.

Enter King CHARLES, *the* QUEEN, *Prince* RUPERT, *the Duke of* RICHMOND, *Earl of* ESSEX, *Guards and Attendants.*

SCENE I. *A Palace.*

Rupert] TO blaze the Glories, *Cæsar*, you have won,
The *British* World, that narrow Spot's undone.
Th' *Indians* at your Sacred Name do shake,
As to their *Pa-God* Adorations make:
Digging in Mines, or tugging at the Oar,
There from rich Nature choicest Spoils are tore;
And all their Treasure 's Tribute to your Store.

A *Rich.*]

Richmond] Nature and Fortune's Jewel, what can adorn
Not brightest Gemms by proudest Monarchs worn
Nature may Wealth, to Savages impart;
But here the Metal is refin'd by Art.
They trudge, for whom! for what they do not know;
It's Value to the Royal Stamp they owe.

Rup.] When *Asia*'s splendid Courts I did behold,
These oft th' excelling *British* Grandeur told.
Nations at this exalted Name, bow down;
So far Remote, paid Homage to his Crown.
About the World I roam'd, twice croſt the *Line*,
And ferry'd o'er the Banks of frozen *Rhine*;
Truth, theſe loud Blaſts of Fame, could not belye,
The Glory dazleth the Beholder's Eye.

Rich.] Traffick and Policy make *Cæſar* known,
As if this ſpacious Globe were all his own;
The World would ſtretch to hold this Emperour,
But Vertue checks the Exerciſe of Power.
For holding *Europe*'s Ballance in his Hand,
Here he's content with abſolute Command.
No Rival of his Glory does admit,
But like to *Jove*, on awful Throne he'll ſit
With Crowns, by ſtrongeſt Bands, about his Temples knit.

Eſſex] Tho' theſe be gaudy Marks of Soveraign Sway,
By a known Rule the Subjects do Obey:
And each their own in Quietneſs poſſeſs;
Law, like a Land-mark, neither will tranſgreſs.

Rich.] All, All, for *Cæſar*'s Safety daily pray,
Homage to *Heaven*, and him, by Turns, do pay;
Whilſt Streams of pour'd-out Wine, dye all the way.
The Holy Prieſts, in reverent Attire,
Approach devoutely to the hallowed Fire:
When theſe in Golden Cenſers ſacrifice,
See Clouds of Incenſe, from the Altars, riſe;
Whilſt theſe devoutly worſhip and adore,
None can become, deſerve an Altar more.

King]

King] Talk not to me of circumvested Pride,
Of Power, or Fame, or thousand Things beside:
Give me but one or two soft peaceful Hours,
And all the Splendor of my State be yours.

Rup.] What moves you *Cæsar*? why this cloudy Brow?
Choler may raise, but no Misfortune bow.
Appear in Royal Majesty and State:
Bear out th' Advantage of your Birth, and Fate.
You, you, who Thunder, and the *Poles* command,
Can ought that's Mortal, *Cæsar's* Will withstand?
'Gainst you, does any daring Monarch Arm?
Why should false Rumours of a War alarm?
Yours, if a Rival Empire cannot shake;
Can strugling in-bred Jars, in pieces break?

Queen] Why *Charles*, why, so Pensive and Morose?
Does Love, or State, disquiet your Repose?
I see your Aspect Discontent portend;
Against some haughty Tyrant, let it bend.
What! what! so soon this sullen Temper wrought!
Have I not ever lov'd you, as I ought?

Rup.] Your Name with Mortals sets you out at an odds,
Then for Diversion combat with the Gods.
May *Cæsar's* Glory still the higher rise!
Cramm'd in on Earth; then let it pierce the Skies,
Where e're the *Fiery Chariot* drives the Sun,
Until your Fame Great *Cæsar's* has out-done.

Queen] *Rupert*, Let me to *Caucasus* be chain'd,
With Life's most cruel Torments there be pain'd,
Parch't with the Winds, may Frosts congeal my Blood,
My heart of savage Vultures be the food,
This Royal heart, for *Cæsars* love resign'd,
Prometheus-like, grow more, more to be pin'd,
If I in all his Fortunes do not share
My only Glory, and my only Care.

Rup.] May *Jove*, by Thunder, strike me to my shade,
If ere my Thoughts for *Cæsar's* greatness fade;

For since his Blood does sparkle in my Veins,
Its overboyling, to this Rage constrains.
Why thus, your Bowels, and your Veins distend!
Speak, and to us that thoughtful Soul unbend.

King] A strange Convulsion's like to shake my Throne;
It must be cur'd, or I am quite undone.

Rup.] You, who with Wisdom still the Scepter sway,
And cannot you the Remedy apply?

King.] I straight from my *Observatory* came,
From thence beheld, three Kingdoms in a flame,
Can no *Ideas* of the Juncture Form,
But sad Prognosticks of the hanging Storm.

Rup.] Will *Hecatombs* these Angry Gods appease?
With human Gore, the reeking Altars please?
Shake but the Scepter; let it deludge Blood,
And quench the Flame, by breaking of the Cloud.
All, All's at your Command, speak but the Word;
Why! *Cesar*, I'll enforce it with my Sword.

Richm.] Ah! Gently, Gently, first the Quarrel weigh
Ere ye by pow'r, the mighty Force defy.
Kind Heaven by other Means, strive to appease;
Learn to Prevail, e're ye begin to Raise.

King] I call'd my *Senate*, me they'd Counteract,
Split into Factions, Counsels has distract.
They'd have me *Hieroglyphick* of a King;
Like to a King of Bees without a Sting;
Or, as the gaudie chained Idols stand
With flaming Sword, in their unmoving hand.
My Soul with their Remonstrances is stung,
Out of my Hands almost the Scepter's wrung.

Queen] They'd all be Gods like us, this is the draught;
The people with that gilded Bait are caught.

King] They tow'r, as if this massie Crown of Gold,
Of them, and not of Heaven I did hold.
To try, if Royal dainties would them glut,
I in their hands its brightest Jewels put.

The * Starr, whose fatal influence they did fear, *Strafford
I made it in a twinkling disappear.
But find, that at my self they point the Thrust,
I acted what was safe, not what was just.

Rup.] And will not *Cesars* Quarrels and his Name
Secure a Triumph? ——

Rich.] Sir, that Impression may deceive your sight,
And force may overpow'r the cleerest Right.
Lo, this the Giddie Mobb will after 't draw,
For't colours all its actings by a Law.

Rup.] To *Cesar*, will the Senate rules lay down?
Will they usurp, who should support the Crown?
Must their Resolves still thwart his Royal mind?
His Pow'r like to his Empire's unconfin'd.

Essex] The Senate only for this Juncture plead,
The Royal Will may to their Wisdom cede.

Rich.] But craftily on *Cesar's* Right encroach,
Wrest his just Power, by models they won'd broach.

Ess.] Prerogative they'd limit and define
Its Power, with their inherent Rights conjoin.

Rup.] Yes, if his hand the Weapon cannot weild,
It justly to another he should yield.

Ess.] They fear the hand may be misled, and sway
Impose Commands they cannot well obey.
When from their Subjects KINGS their Wills divide
Humours in discontent fall to a side.
In the Excrescence swelling Tumors raise,
And men will run unto Extreams for ease.

Rich.] Purse with the People, with the King, the Sword.

Essex] What's Pow'r without the Purse? an empty word;

Rup.] Since that pretence of Right does Wills divide.
For Treating cannot, let there Power decide.

Essex] Then he may fight 'gainst what he should protect,
NO? Equitie Laws Letter must correct,
And from misdoing Majesty is freed,
When they have got the Sword, as they decreed.

For

Fortune may me of Right and Pow'r deprive, [*King aside.*
But unto what's Unprincely never drive,
Though to my overthrow, they should conspire,
Law shall the measure be of my desire.
A happy Crime, successfully maintain'd,
Of Justice, has the Reputation gain'd. ——

Rich.] They'd next the towring *Mitre* trample down,
The Crosier struggles to exalt the Crown.

Rup.] He is not bound to grant as they propose,
With strange Inventions 'gainst the system close:
Since to support that Order he has swore:
An Oath, to what is Sacred, binds the more.

Essex] With what was in their favours, they'll dispense,
And justly, that their Module should license.

Rup.] Against his Right and Will the change pursue,
Who'll clear his Conscience, or absolve the Vow?

Essex] They what seems fittest for the juncture claim.

Rich.] Right in all Times and Ages is the same.

Essex] Thrones and Imperial Powers from Heaven do spring,
And from that source they take their fatal swing.
Sage Princes, as their only Prop and Shield,
Sometimes their own, to please their People, yield;
And O! how many will his Fate involve?

Rup.] They him from Rules of Government absolve.

Exit Earl of Essex.

King] Dispute no more, the Case is in my View,
Of my Affairs I this sad Picture drew;
Unhappy *Ireland* still a bleeding lyes;
For *here* Distractions do withhold supplies
To *Popish* Fury, there the Victims fell;
These for my Person 'gainst my Laws Rebel.
Scotland will needs their *Covenant* fulfil,
Stampt it by Law, with my extorted Will.
Mysterious Treason (who can it define)
Will for a King, yet 'gainst a King combine:

They're

They're by the Sanctimonious Cheat misled,
Procruſtes-like, they fit them for the bed,
Here the Infecting Leproſie has ſpread,
And next Schiſmatick Factious *England* ſee,
She's now a Riddle to her ſelf and me.
Such inward ſtruglings hopes of peace defeat;
The Sheep-skin'd Wolves embroyl both Church and State,
O Strange!
Each jealous Faction does it fury ſpend,
My Legal Pow'r would from my Perſon rend;
My Greatneſs and my Glory all pretend:
All, All, is *Labyrinth* me round about;
I'm wynded in, but what ſhall wynd me out?

Rich.] Since the dethroning Plot's in towring Pride,
Then in the Hurrie joyn the ſtrongeſt ſide.
And for the Juncture that Expedient find,
If Duty Subjects, Safety Kings ſhould bind.

King] *London*, the Seat of this bewitching Fraud,
The Treaſon by the Giddie Mobb applaud,
Where I in all Magnificence ſhould dwell,
Tumults in boundleſs Fury me expel,
Repuls'd at *Hull*, I of th'affront Complain'd,
And *Hotham* in his Treaſon is maintain'd;
Which my juſt Indignation does provoke.

Rup.] They have determin'd to ſhake off the Yoak,
Let Standards againſt Standards now advance:
Let brandiſht Swords reverberat the glance,
And Squibs and Rockets hiſſing in the night,
With glowing Blaze, aſtoniſh and affright.
At Sea and Land let thund'ring Cannon roar:
The *Britiſh* Iſle be floating in the Gore:
Vulcan for us new Thunder-bolts may forge,
Rivers of blood ſhall in the Sea diſgorge.
Under theſe juſt Calamities they'll groan,
With bathing eyes, the Deſolation Moan,
And for their horrid Crimes their Blood attone.

King]

King] In this perplexing doubt who'll guide my path?
I'd wish some other Object of my Wrath;
And with Dishonour must I wear a Crown:
I'll from the World retire, and lay it down.
No, No;
Even for my Honour, and my Kingdom's sake,
Some Noble Efforts let my Courage make.
May I be last of Kings, last of my Race,
I'll once with sword in hand the Rebels face.

Rich.] They'll fear more weightie, you the Yoak wou'd wreath,
When Swords in one anothers Bowels sheath.

King.] I'd but preserve, and not enlarge my Pow'r:
O! for *Achilles* Spear, to Wound and Cure.

Exit Richmond.

Queen.] Ah! softly, softly, let Loves pleasant Charms
My Fond imbrace, divert from taking Arms.

King.] To Love, that Tyrant of my Soul, I'd yield;
Honour competes, and Love must quite the Field.

Queen] *Cesar* and *Alexander* Love did bind;
Brave Souls! like to their Conquests, unconfin'd.
How hotly did they Victories pursue!
Love conquer'd them, and may't not conquer you?

King] These made their Glories by their Triumphs known;
Love intermits, when Honour's overthrown;
And could you to that Prince you Heart resign,
Who for his Honour would to fight decline?

Queen] Princes by Rules of Policy must move;
In all Estates you're worthy of my *Love*
With you, since I stoopt to the nuptial Wreath,
I nought, but through strong pangs of *Love* can breath.
What Scepter'd Slaves, in humblest Postures sue,
Your bright attractive Merit makes your due.

King] Could Heroes that resplendent Beauty know,
The more I pay, more Homage still I owe;
As of their Glorie I the Rival am,
Even of my bliss in you they'd be the same.

Queen]

Queen] Beauty, which *Jove* could draw from Heaven's high (Tow'r,
He lov'd Delight above Almighty Power;
Tho' I, no ſuch Obedience can plead
For you who worſhip 't: Me, the Goddeſs made.
King] 'Twixt Love and Glory, ſtill the ſtrugling lyes:----
And, O the Depth of this dethroning Plot!
And muſt I baſely loſe what's nobly got?
Queen] To me, your ſplendid Triumphs ſeem but vain;
I've certain Hazard; but uncertain Gain.
With Tears, I you beſeech, on Terms to cloſe:
Whoever gains; yet you are ſure to loſe.
King] Of Subjects Blood, I value every Drop
As 't were my own; this Flux I cannot ſtop!
My *Senate* did eſſay the Cure in vain:
For theſe Phyſicians brought along the Pain.
And, by this ſtrange Example, I muſt prove,
If you, my Perſon, or my Fortune, love.
Queen] I no Diſtinction know:----
King] ------ But does 't not damp
T' exchange this pleaſant Palace for a Camp?
Queen] My veh'ment Love, by ſlender Proofs you try:
Since I profeſs to love, I muſt obey.
If Charms, or yet Intreaties, cannot move;
Think on theſe Royal Pledges of our Love.
So ſoon the tender Buds their Head diſplay,
Th' apparent Storm may nip them quite away;
Who with th' Advantage of a Sun-ſhine bleſt,
Such Blaſts and Tempeſts cannot yet reſiſt.
King] I have determin'd: To diſſwade forbear;
You'll, in the Glory, or Diſaſter, ſhare:
Indeed, that Motive 's ſtrong; but cannot bait:
Let 's altogether yield unto our Fate:
Queen] Then, then, our ſtrong Affections cloſely meet,
Love makes Adventures fearleſs, Troubles ſweet.
My rouzed Courage ſhall it ſelf imploy;
But fear, ſome Engine, into Snares decoy.

So when *Cassandra* o'er *Troy*'s Fate had griev'd,
Foretold the Truth; but could not be believ'd.

King] Solicite Friends and Allies, let them know,
What kind Assistance to our Cause they owe,
And this, our Hopes of Success, may renew:
For to this *Dagon*, Millions will not bow.

Queen] Then as you hope, Pray Heaven, it may succeed:
Your Legions and your Squadrons, I will head.
What Man is he who will refuse to stand,
Whilst I to fight *Amazon*-like, command?

King] O do not, do not expose t' enrag'd Arms,
What Savages in utmost Fury charms.

Queen] At me, let poyson'd forked Arrows fly;
For Valour shall my tender Sex supply,
My Breast expanded shall their Darts receive
With the undaunted Courage of the Brave.
With Scars and Wounds, and Blood and Gore, besmear'd,
Were to your Love, such noble Trophies rear'd.
Warlike *Semiramis*, I'll represent
More bright than *Persians* on their Helmets paint.

[*Re-enter Duke of* Richmond.

I hear a mighty Rushing in the way,
And Blood-red Ensigns fix'd on Poles dismay,
The prancing Hoofs, in winged Squadrons, wheel,
And Men, with glitt'ring Spears on Plains do reel;
From Post to Post, they one another hurle,
And Shield's, 'gainst Shields about the World do furle;
Nought does retard, they drive at full Career,
Nearer Approach, more terrible appear;
And Drums, and Trumpets, warlike Engine sounds
Eccho aloud, to Earth the Heaven rebounds,
My Reason and my Sense, at once confounds.

Rup.] My Life, That's *Essex!* ——

Queen] —— I can't understand;
But hear like Noise of Armies hard at Hand.

Rup.] Set

Rup.] Set all your Pow'r and Terrors in Array,
Ceſar, your *Spreading Eagles* now diſplay:
For after ſuch a Signal, who will ſtay?

King.] They're the Aggreſſors; Treaſon's out of doubt:
I muſt, by Force of Arms, my Right diſpute.
Arm, Arm, Arm, Arm, now each aſſume his Poſt:
The Cauſe, through this Surprizal, may be loſt.
'Twixt Hopes and Fears, let's fight it as we can;
I'll give the On-ſet, I'll lead on the Van:
The brave Endeavour does reward the Toil;
Honour is ours in Victory or Foil.

Rich.] The Work with Expedition, I will ply,
And bravely conquer, or as bravely die.

Rup.] On, on, and I'll begin the tragick Play,
And with the Smoak of Cannon baniſh Day.
Born under different Stars, here Fate receive
A ſpringing Lawrel, or a ſhady Grave.
Let's for this Prey, like angry Lions roar,
Ramble in Fury, walt'ring in the Gore,
Till Rage, with loſs of Blood, be kindled more.

SCENE II.

The Earl of ESSEX *ſitting in a Tent, attended by his Officers.*

Eſſex.] HOw great's the Care, the Toil, and lingring Pain,
That racks a General's Breaſt, and breaks his Brain,
'Twixt Power and Right, the mighty ſtrugling lyes:
You need *Briarius* Hands, I *Argus* Eyes.

[*A* Courier *enters the Tent.*

Cour.] The Royal Army march'd with Banners ſpread,
A harniſh'd Gyant, with his ſharp'ned Blade,
Led on the Van. -----

[Rupert *enters the Tent, and* Eſſex *ſtarts up to meet him: They both draw.*

Rup.] I, in your Sov'raign Leidge Lord's Name, command
You ſheath that Sword, and all this Force disband.

Eſſex] In that ſame Name, I, for his Cauſe appear;
So may it pleaſe Your Highneſs to retire.

Rup.] In *Ceſar*'s Name, againſt his own Command?
And for his Right, againſt his Perſon ſtand?

Eſſex] Do not miſtake; I fight not to ſubdue;
But from malignant Counſel, him reſcue:
And can the ſtricteſt Loyal Teſt abide:
His Will, he from the Senate does divide.

Rup.] Why they from him? -------

Eſſex] ------ No more I will diſpute.

Rup.] Now ſhall the furbiſht Steel decide the Doubt.

[*They fight; and a Noiſe of a Battle is heard.*

ACT II.

Enter General LEVEN: *A Captain of the Army leading* Jack Aſhbunham *Priſoner.*

SCENE I. *A Camp.*

Captain] In your Camp, this roving Stragler found;
To be examin'd, here I bring him bound.

Leven] Is he ſome Rogue, a Refuge, or a Spy;
Let 's know, if he'll prevaricat or ly.

Aſhb.] No,

Aſhb.] No, Sir, I ſcorn't. ------

Leven] ---- But pray what drove you here?

Aſhb.] Sir, conſcious of no Crime, I have no fear. ----

Leven] Here Guards! go take the Priſoner away.

Aſhb.] But Pow'r my Innocence ſhall not betray.

Leven] From whence? --------

Aſhb.] ------ I came from *Oxford* in diſguiſe

Leven] And is the City taken by ſurprize?

Aſhb.] With Limbs of mangled Lords my way was ſtrow'd,
And floods of Blood the fields had overflow'd!

OXFORD
That Monument of Loyaltie withſtands,
And does not yield to *Covenanted* Bands.

Leven] But to ſurrender, could no terms oblige,
When they endur'd a cloſs laborious Siege?

Aſhb.] In vain the Camp, the City may bravade,
By battering Rams, by Bombs, or by Scalade.
In vain the Prize of Honour there diſpute,
Tho hard be leagured, ſtill it holds it out.

Leven] In the attempt at laſt they will ſucceed.

Aſhb.] When famiſht Mothers on their Babes ſhall feed.

Leven] Why ſuch Extremity? what do'ſt avail?
The Army for ſome time do not prevail.
What mean'ſt, that haughtie CHARLES does not yield,
Now when ſo oft he's beaten from the Field?
Or is my mightie Army in his view,
It dare a Puny *Camp volant* purſue,
Or Cities in deſpair blockt up, what can they do?

Aſhb.] Your force the bloody Quarrel may umpire;
But to what end do your Deſigns aſpire?
What by this haſty March do you intend?

Leven] In that my Judgment, Sir, I muſt ſuſpend.
My words and deeds ſhall never interfeir:
It's to eſtabliſh Peace that I came here.

Aſhb.] We'll grant what you in reaſon can demand,
And treat for Peace, but with my Sword in hand.

Hoping,

Hoping, that for the work you'll interpoſe,
To you the hidden Secret I'll diſcloſe:
----- The *King* is in your Camp.
Leven] In my Camp? Is't poſſible!
[*The* King *enters, and* Leven *falls down on his knees.*
Leven] All haill!
I'm with this ſight of Majeſty ſurpriz'd;
Is this my real *King*, or one diſguis'd?
King] Whilſt doubts, and hopes of you, my thoughts involve
I'd once, -------
The Riddle of your Loyalty reſolve,
If you a Man of Honour be, I'll try;
Choice, not Neceſſity, makes me rely.
The Prize, for which theſe ſtrenuous Arms have fought,
Lo, lo, unconquer'd to your pow'r is brought.
Leven] Upon my Honour, if I ſhould ſay more
By that Alleigance, to my *Prince* I ſwore,
By all that's Sacred, *&c.*
King] O never, never forfeit my Eſteem;
Your King and Country now you may redeem.
Leven] Once more may this your *Britiſh* World rebel,
That I may have the fame ſuch foes to quell.
King] Make this laſt Act of Honour, only ſhow'n,
And in oblivion all Suſpicion drown.
[Leven *draws his Sword, and holds it by the point.*
Leven] Dread Sovetaign! this my conquering Sword receive,
Did many thouſands kill, and many ſave.
Tho' with it all theſe Trophies I had worn,
Which *Rome*'s fam'd Capitol did once adorn:
They're none of mine ------
King] Brave Warriour, take what you did reſign,
Praiſe ſhall be yours, and the Advantage mine:
I thank you for that offer! In a word,
May never ſuch a Man, want ſuch a Sword.

Wiſely

Wiſely the daring Weapon but imploy,
That all of us may Right and Peace enjoy.

Leven] All Intereſts may be fully heard and weigh'd,
Force ſhall be us'd where Reaſon is deny'd.
Captain,
No point of Dutie to our Prince neglect,
For him a Royal Pavillion erect:
Let all the Pomp and Splendour him array,
Which this triumphant Army can diſplay.

But on the peril of your head, Sir, know, [*Whiſpering.*
If he attempt, you muſt not let him go.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[*The* King *and Doctor* Hammond *in a Tent.*

King] More, more, involv'd in Labyrinths of State
Ham.] With you as Men of Honour did they treat?
King] Unhappy hour I came in *Leven*'s hands,
I fear he's lockt me up in Golden bands.
Ham.] Why headlong in his pow'r your ſelf ye thruſt?
King] He plighted Honour e're I gave him truſt.
Ham.] Honour! that jugling word he would imploy;
So Pirats with their different Flags decoy.

Enter Mr. *Alexander Henderſon.*

Ham.] Why you Religious Sacred Rites prophane?
Hend.] With *Romiſh* Pomp their Puritie ye ſtain;
And why on us ſuch gaudie Rites impoſe?
Ham.] We did perſwade, but you refus'd to cloſe:
Your armed Miſſionaries, which is worſe,
Compell to what's unlawful by a force.
Hend.] When Men with what's Heav'ns will, have not comply'd,
Force muſt be us'd, where Reaſon is deny'd:
For this we did in *Covenant* engage.
Ham.] Yes Sir, that's now the *Shiboleth* of th'age;
O fatal, fatal, inauſpicious time!
Where nought but ſucceſs juſtifies the Crime.

Hend.]

Let's see how Heav'n its will reveal'd to you.
Hend.] If you but be convinc'd I'll clearly shew.
Ham.] Why falshood by that Sacred Name aver?
Shew us the Sign, for Heav'n can never err.
Hend.] Succes it self may all your doubts remove;
Did ever Heav'n what was unjust approve?
Ham.] If what succeeds be always deem'd the best,
Then Truth and Justice never were oppress.
King] My mind such strange perplexities involv'd,
Here *Henderson* from you, I'd be resolv'd:
I'm strongly bound, and yet I think I'm free;
You *Leven*'s mind may know, but what think ye?
Hend.] May your exalted mind but bow
Our holy *Covenant* subscrive and vow!
If you, or yours, will happy be, it must be now.
King] But what I fear, with him do you complot.
Ham.] The Man may prophesie without a Gift.
King] Against that League my Soul such strugling finds;
Conscience may err, undoubtedly it binds.
Hend.] Prelats, Great Prince, your Conscience have mislead:
Who in their Priestly Vestments richly cled,
Puft up with haughty unbeseeming Pride,
Usurpt the Pow'r of an unerring Guide;
O! take the COVENANT, or you're undone;
They'll, to support themselves, pull down your Throne.
King] E're you of Errors tax the Present State,
Ideas of more perfect first beget;
And of the *System*, how can I allow
Against my Right, my Conscience, and my Vow?
Hend.] It's true, Great Sir, Just Heav'n has thought it fit
This great Reforming Pow'r to Kings commit;
But yet when these tenaciously refuse,
The People by themselves the means may chuse:
Princes by State, not by Religion move;
What seems more safe, not what is best approve.

And

And when their helping Hand cannot be had
To the great End, that leſſer Mean muſt cede.

King] This *Babel*, on my Ruines will you rear,
O tell me by what Compaſs ſhall I ſteer!
Oh Truth, that ſureſt Support I'll rely,
'Gainſt that my Conſcious Soul ſhall never ſway.

Hend.] O Good, O Good, but ſtill deluded Prince,
Will nought of Fatal Errors you Convince.
The Holy *Covenant* Subſcribe, and Vow
Forſake, and then pull down that Myter'd Crew,
Theſe Fawning Prieſts, to ſave themſelves, will ruine you.

Ham.] That wicked Bond how can you ſtill impoſe,
When Sophiſms fail'd by rude Rebellious Blows.
Rebellion, Murder, Robery, Sacriledge,
Perjury, more Guilt, ſhall I alledge,
Ill Words within no certain Limits fall,
Thouſands of Crimes by Name I cannot call,
Speak but the *Covenant*, that mentions all,

Hend.] No marvel that in your fallacious Glaſs,
Main Duties, for the greateſt Crimes do paſs.

Ham.] And were the wreſted Royal Stamp put on,
The Mettal ſtill is baſe for all you've done.
Here wou'd you overturn the Goodly Frame.

Hend.] It ſhould be as our *Scottiſh* on the ſame.

King] I thought that Act of Grace procur'd Content,
But of the fatal Error I Repent.

Ham.] The more our Sacred Functions he oppoſe,
The more he thinks to gain, the leſs we loſe,
Of uncontrol'd Antiquity ſo proud,
And has the ſhock of Time and Fate withſtood,
Awes the aſpiring Prieſt and factious Crowd.

Hend.] So *Pagans*, *Jews*, and *Papiſts* Argument,
When all their other Reaſoning is ſpent,
Againſt the darting Light he ſhuts his eye,
That Time's, Truth's certain Standard, I deny.
O ſhame! that for a Proof it ſhould be told,
What better is an Error, that it's old.

Ham.] Againſt the Function will you wrangle ſtill,
When for the ſame, Heaven had reveal'd its Will;
Succeſſion in the Chair, as by a Clue,
Down from the unerring Word you'll clearly view,
Rebells to *Ordination* but withdrew.
But in the Proof your Argument is lame,
By that ſame Rule I Parity acclaim,
For Texts compar'd, *Identify* the Name.

Ham.] Clearly the Text decides the Doubt; for why
The very Name the Office does imply.
And Characters of Superiority,
That certain Truth, from various Gloſſes draw;
For Practice is th' Interpreter of Law.

Hend.] The *Word* without a Storie ſolves the *Doubt*,
With you I'd only by that Rule Diſpute;
And think you, is my *Ordination* void?
Then all reformed Paſtors are Uſurpers.

Ham.] With them I'm not concern'd, but you may know,
What Poſſeſſors to doubtful Titles owe.

King] What ſtrange Ambition blows this dangrous Fire,
When *Presbyters*, above their Claſs aſpire;
Confuſion, *here*, by me ſhall never riſe,
Tho' I'm Unfortunate, I would be Wiſe.

[*Enter Sir* Henry Vane, *General* Leven, *a Skreen is drawn in the Tent, the King ſtands at the back of the Skreen.*

Vane] That unexpected News I had from you,
The *Engliſh* Senate's Courage did renew.

Leven] Yes, *Heaven* the Golden Time put in my hands.

Vane] Improve't, for Peace to theſe divided Lands:
Give me the Perſon of the *Britiſh* King.

Leven] That unexpected ſuit my Soul does ſting,
I deeply Swore, and did my Honour plight,
I'll give a Signal, let him take his flight.

Vane.

Vane] Ah no, the *Covenant*'s Religious end
May on the Perſon of the King depend,
And in maintaining it, we'll him defend.
Leven] A ſtrange Remorſe within my ſelf I feel,
That breach of Honour racks me on the Wheel.
Vane] About the Buſineſs no longer Jarr,
Are you reſolv'd, yet to prolong the War?
Leven] But if I ſhould deliver, where's your Right?
Vane] Detain, detain, and then all *England* Fight?
Leven] He's King of *Scotland* too, here is my Point,
Then to diſpoſe of him, our Power is Joint.
Vane] But ſince the Perſonage cannot divide,
Have him we muſt, for we're the ſtronger ſide.
Of my Credentials, *Leven*, do ye doubt?
Should Mercenary Souldiers diſpute?
Leven] This Sword, like *Moſes* Rod, where e're I drew,
Did mighty Signs and Wonders in your view;
Lawrels and all the Trophies Conqueſt yields,
And dear bought Glory, with my Blood, in Fields;
Where ever I theſe Valiant Warriors draw,
With them I've kept the *Britiſh* World in awe:
However you my brave Atchivements rate,
This Arm, of bleeding Kingdoms, chang'd the Fate.
Vane] Againſt our Foes you bravely did engage,
Puſht on with Fury, cruſht them in a rage;
What Valour gain'd, let's ſee your Conduct grace,
Let Spoils of War be Ornaments of Peace.
Your pains deſerves Reward, and we,
To whom it did redound
Will pay you; for a Sum agree,

Whiſpering.

Two Hundred Thouſand Pound.

[*The King draws off the Skreen and ruſhes in,* Vane *on his knees.*

Vane] O ſign, O ſign, the Propoſitions Sign!
Leven] And ſtill more high, ſtill more illuſtrious Shine.

King] What if I do not?

Vane] ---O do not refuse,
Or *Hollnby* for your Residence you'll chuse.

King] Why not *Whitehall*? ---

Vane] ---O do not ask my Why;
The Senate orders, and I must obey.

[*The King turning him about to* Leven.

King] I heard you *Leven* whispering afar,
Why am I held? No Prisoner of War.
O the accursed charming Power of Gold:
And think you *Leven*, will that Bargain hold
What they have bought, Sir you as fairly sold.
O Heavens? how False!
What blacker Titles to your Name belong,
I swell, I swell with this Inglorious wrong.

Leven *on his Knees*]

O sign, O sign, the Propositions Sign.

King] Tho I were free yet Honour does decline.

Leven] I cannot then divert the Course of Fate,
Do it, sometime the rigour may abate.

King] Not all these massie Sheckles you can tye,
Shall make me grant, what Honour should deny.
May I to *Scotland* go, and there remain?

Leven] I cannot Answer, so ye ask in vain.
O Prince why do ye me accuse of Guilt,
I do't least more of *British* Blood be spilt.
Malign me as ye will, I justly plead
These good Conditions, for your Safety made.

King] Why Crimes, on Crimes by Ipocrisie Fraud ye heap?
The Snare's already laid, can I escape?
Those who in Battels did my life pursue,
When Captive and Disarm'd, what will they do?
Now Pistol, Poison, Dagger may effect,
What the blind Chance of War seem'd to neglect.
Perfidious without a parallel,
Once more this basest Treachery repeal.

Leven]

Leven] I beg once more, *the Propositions sign*,
Brand me not with Dishonour, or a Crime;
For lo, they're calculated for the Time!

King] I'll hear no more of these your wild Demands;
Un-King my self, with these constrained Hands;
Should what's unlawful tie a Man in Bands,
Nor Fear, nor Force, shall ever make me close,
Let me but set in Glory, as I rose.

O *Leven*, *Leven*!

Leven] I must be gone and leave you in their Power;
From Violence, you'll ever be secure:
Let not nice Scruples still abuse your Sight;
Think on your own and Royal Issue's Right.

King] Me, all these Stories never shall deter,
I'd Death to a inglorious Life prefer.
To your eternal Shame it will redound;
My warlike Arms, with shameful Cords are bound,
And Foes, set for my Guards, may give the mortal Wound.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter OLIVER CROMWEL, *General* FAIRFAX, *and Sir* HENRY VANE. *A Chamber.*

Cromwel] I Lately heard a Rampant Lion roar,
Aloft in Clouds, I saw an Eagle soar;
A Pilot! in the Storm to be afloar.

Vane] The Lion 's chain'd, the Eagles Wings are clipt,
The Pilot now of all his Power is stript.

Crom.] *Atlas*! who Heavens on his Shoulders bore?

Fairfax] Under the Load, his Fate he may deplore;
The sinking Weight oppresses more and more.

Crom.] What,

Crom.] What, and was the VVorld late in a Blaze?

Fair.] I mournful, on that Conflagration gaze.

Crom.] Pray Sir, was the last Judgment come? or what?
At Helm, would *Phaeton* again have sat?
Do ye, the subterraneous Caverns know?
Up Bellows-like, did hidden Sparkles blow?
Or yet, from Bodies justling in Garret,
Could this stupendous spreading Flame appear?

Fair.] I to *Collision* do the same ascrive.

Crom.] And was the VVorld on Fire? and we alive!

Vane] The Flames, within these floating Isles were pent,
The Blaze, its Light thro all the VVorld has sent.

Crom.] Be the Incendiarie what it will,
So many Hands might soon its Fury still.

Fair.] VVe, by these Hands can no Advantage draw,
I th' *Epilepsie Epidemick* saw.
All proffer'd Aid; but that was but a Sham:
Behold the Plunder's Fewel to the Flame.

Crom.] In the just Pomp and Grandeur of my State,
Invironed, I scorn a Retreat.
And these fantastick Flames do noways dread.

Fair.] So *Nero*, *Rome* his sporting Bonfire made:
All hail! brave *Nero*! who should thee decry?
Thy noble Ends, thy cruel Deeds outvy:
In you, that Fact did generous appear:
VVho yet more dazling would the Structure rear,
Whilst we, as if it should not be our Care,
Nor build a New, nor yet the Old repair.

Vane] Come, let's the Subject-Matter re-assume,
And once decide the *British* VVorld's last Doom.
To what will our close Resolutions bend?
Must we, our Blood and Treasure still expend?
And yet the fatal Dispute will not end.
Justling Pilot's Commands and Countermands,
In Storm may set a working all the Hands;
And so the VVeather-beaten Vessel strands.

Reason

Reaſon at firſt could not our Paſſion bound:
Is yet the Source of this Diſtemper found?
You've letten Blood; will you bind up the Wound?
Fair.] What Oracle ſhall this grand Doubt reſolve!
Here Events, in a Circle me involve.
From Arguments by Arms, the Work I ply'd,
Fatigu'd with Arms, Reaſon may be try'd;
On this Hand, Duty; on that, Safety move:
Now which of theſe, your Counſels will approve?
Tho' haughty *Charles* be beaten from the Field,
We ſtill demand, and ſtill he does not yield.
Shall Juſtice or the Sword, this Cauſe decide?
Of both our Suits, can Reaſon be the Guide?
I'd once theſe Flames of Civil Diſcord quench,
Not by the Lawrel, but the Olive-Branch.
Crom.] I'll act like Conqueror edg'd with Revenge,
And with my Succeſs, Terms of Treating change.
Vane] Whether by Acts or Arms ye will purſue
The frightful *Hydra*, State's ſtill in my View;
Herculean Labours could not yet ſubdue.
Crom.] But why, will you my ſharper Sight abuſe?
Let but Neceſſity plead an Excuſe.
Can my Allegiance, in the ſtricteſt Senſe,
Preclude that innate Law of Self-Defence?
Will Kings, 'gainſt us a drawn Sword imploy?
And what they ſhould preſerve, fight to deſtroy?
Wherefore I will this Victory improve,
All after-Fears of Tyranny remove.
Fair.] Strange Victory! which when we will purſue,
Does Conquerors and Conquered ſubdue.
Crom.] I bled, I peccant Humours purg'd, will more
Art but preſcribe, this Body to reſtore;
The Patient from a Relapſe I'll enſure,
Tho Demembration ſhould perfect the Cure.
Fair.] Firſt the Diſtempers riſe, and growth ſurvey,
E'er you a further Remedy apply.

Crom.]

Crom.] I know, and must this Regal Power amend,
If not annul; yet for some time suspend.
Fair.] Power, that sweet Morsel, tell me where it's lodg'd,
How shall that grand perplexing Doubt be judg'd?
From this sprung up the fatal Discontent,
When we to solve that Question undertook;
Whilst Freedom and Prerogative do stretch,
They crack the String, and wider make the Breach.
Vane] And for new Broils there's still a fair Pretence.
The supreme Power is hovring in Suspence,
Since in the Brunt of War Peace was the Butt,
Your entire Conquests, *Janus* Temple shut:
If smother'd Sparkles yet Eruption make,
As Fire, by Fire, the Flame may quickly take.
Crom.] But the great Counsel of the Nation found,
That Crown and Croslet should their Office bound,
And justly gave them both the mortal Wound.
Yes, with Prerogative I gently bore
Till it above its proper Sphere did soar?
And what Expedient could prevent this Doom,
The Head another Body did assume.
As we of Kings, of us they stand in need,
Power uncontroull'd needs an unerring Head,
When Power and Arms will their Fate dispense,
They in that Hurly-burly Law silence.
For are not they the watchful Eyes and Hands,
Of those so powerful, tho' divided Lands?
You see when Kings their blinded Wills pursue,
I can their puny straggling Force subdue.
Fair.] But I have felt, a King's enraged Power
Is not so very easy to conjure.
Crom.] Since I have don't, hereafter Kings will know
What due Regard to *Parliaments* they owe.
Fair.] And this sad Juncture, *Parliaments* may teach
Not to discord with Kings for every Stretch.

Vane] You

Van.] You see, the Grand Supporting Pillar bow,
And almost after 't, the whole Machine drew
It seems in vain, you fastned on the Chain,
From him thereby you no Conditions gain.
This gloomy Aspect of Affairs, but trace
The Victory's uncertain as the Peace.
As Insurrections briskly may alarm
Yea, Troops for this same Cause, afresh may arm,
To aw thee People under discontent,
Some Project of Governing you'l invent.
Crom.] I'll that imbold ned Insolence Chastise,
For Agents with the People may practise,
Our mighty Army, fickle as the Wind,
Now know not where they shall their Safety find.
Pay, and Redress of Grievances demand,
Humbly Petition, but with Sword in hand.
For if the King should Re-assume His Power,
Pray, then! What Warrand can their Lives secure
And tho a large Indemnity were past,
Had from a Captive King, it might not last.
Still with *Remonstrances* the *House* dismay
They rais'd that mighty power, they cannot lay,
Van.] *Religion* in these Broils must take its part,
For this new Mould resembles *Jona*'s Ship.
What our Affections closly should Cement,
Is made the badge of all this Discontent.
Vane] I saw abuses quickly creeping in,
Which to prevent I did relax the Pin.
A Kings example may mantain a cause,
Mine can but few, his many Thousands draws.
Fair.] Forcing of Conscience, Union withdrew,
Would ye so many Heresies allow.
Vane] May such distractions to a peace adjure,
In this Confusion you possess the power.
Crom.] Nor soaring Hopes, nor languishing desires,
The Rackets be, of these untimely fires.

No Argument, from Practice ſhould be drawn,
When Reformation is but in its Dawn.
Power ſtrugling 'gainſt this new moulded State,
Did my beſt Projects for ſometime defeat.
When unexpected Actors mount the Stage,
Time, Averſation gently muſt aſſwage.
Fair.] The King from wicked Counſel is reſcu'd.
Vane] And all the Cavaliers are quite ſubdu'd;
The King diſarm'd is in your Hands: What next?
Fair.] That twinkling wandring Star may yet be fix'd;
It's but Eclips'd.——
Vane] ——Leſt quite away it ſhrink,
I'll interpoſing Clouds diſpel.——
Fair.] ——But think!
Can't in its Native Splendour yet ariſe:
Vane] Above its Sphere it ſoars, and does deſpiſe
Thoſe Emanations ſhould be its Supplies.
Fair.] Then with this captive King, what will you do?
Vane] I'd gladly hear what is advis'd by you.
Fair.] With all your Manifeſto's, Acts, and Vows,
You more, and more the prying World abuſe.
Now the deſired Succeſs you attain'd;
And ſo you ſwore; but otherways you mean'd.
Vane] I, what is for the Juncture fit, propoſe;
But on theſe Terms, with me he would not cloſe.
Fair.] Will you re-ſettle a well-grounded Peace
Firſt from Captivity, the King releaſe.
Crom. To all Propoſals, firſt he ſhould aſſent;
Or then I'll ſtill continue the Reſtraint,
A ſplendid Receſs from the Regal Toil,
Leſt Power abus'd, us of due Safety ſpoil.
Fair.] Regard the *Covenant*'s Religious End:
By it we ſwore, his Perſon to defend.
Crom.] Over the Sacred Perſon of our Head,
I, no Coercive Power in Law do plead:
Self-Preſervation juſtifies the Deed.

The Cavaliers may rally yet again,
He on that yielding Reed of Support, lean.
I know, that Idolized Name of King,
Yet, many Thouſands to the Field can bring:
Power may, (with ſuch a fair Pretence but cled,)
Our Tragedy re-act, more Blood yet ſhed:
Reaſons and Myſteries of State do move
To hinder greater Crimes, ſome to approve.
Vane] To ſhun the Wrack of this apparent Storm,
I did advis'dly *Propoſitions* form.
Fair.] He hurried with Misfortune's fatal Swing,
With Hands conſtrained, will needs himſelf un-King.
Vane] Since all the cautious Fore-Sight of the Houſe,
Yet could, no other Remedy induce.
On what they did, Kings, their Contempt might pour;
But Hands bound up, from after-Fears ſecure.
Fair. If I my Right prejudge, when thus confin'd,
Will ſuch extorted Obligations bind?
Vane] They had that common Scruple ſtill in View;
And therefore I, the Cord the faſter drew.
Crom.] By *Meſſages* he plyes: But here's the Snake,
That once Redintegrat, all Terms he'll break,
Nothing can yield me Safety, or Content,
But that Conceſſions after-Fears prevent.
His Name abus'd by theſe malignant Swarms,
Might make that Conqueſt, was reſign'd on Terms.
We are not what we were; ſo in the Caſe,
Let Right of Conqueſt take it's proper Place.
When Conquered, refuſing Terms, do worſe;
It's but a legal neceſſary Force.

[*Exit* Oliver.

Vane] The Flames, in their own Rubbiſh ſmother'd lye;
Fair. But would be guarded with a watchful Eye:
You've been like Men a groping in the Dark;
Vane] A roving Arrow ſeldom hits the Mark.

Fair.] Even from the pompous presence of a King,
Mutual returns of Duty yet may spring.
Were *Palinurus* hand, but at the Helm.
Van.] Then waves and billows shall not overwhelm.
Fair.] Propitious Stars their influence ingage,
Castor and *Pollux* kything did presage.
The Storm will now decline, and Lo, and lo,
I by the sudden Calm the danger know.
Bring Him in Royal Pomp, go brake the Chain,
Wherewith He's never to be bound again.

Exeunt.

[*The King, Dr.* Hammond.
A Prison.

King] Tho from the Race of *Albions* Gods I sprung,
Out of my hands behold the Scepter s wrung.
What e're by Right or Birth, I may acclaim,
I'm now the shadow of a mighty Name,
And Melancholie in these chains Regrate,
My Snbjects Fury, and my rigid Fate.
Ham.] You see what Oaths, and Acts and Arms pretend,
Conspire to Ruine, whilst they should Defend.
King] The Fire-brands of the State, have blown the Coal,
Themselves Enslave, yet Liberty Extol.
Some Drunk and Giddie with the Royal spoils,
To hold them fast, afresh foment the broils.
Ham.] So Men when once they wander from the road,
With certain danger every step have trode.
Invock the Gods in immenent distress,
One may relieve, another may oppprest.
And for *Bellona*'s Impropitious Fate,
Upon some kinder Dietie we'll wait.
Æneas tho by angry *Juno* Croft.
At last arriv'd upon old *Latium*'s Coast.
King] No, no, I'm hurled from the Helm of State,
And seem as mean, as ever I was Great.

Ham.

Ham.] Your Priſtine Glory Fate may yet reſtore,
As after Clouds diſpel'd light dazleth more.
King] Talk not of that to me, I'm diſcord all,
Broke by my own, that triumph in my fall.
[*Enter* Jack Aſhburnham.
King] What News?
Aſhb.] Sir, all your Army's quit the Field,
And here your Forts diſmantle, there they yield.
King] Leaſt *Britain* on its funeral Pile ſhould burn,
Or to its primeve Chaos might return,
I that for this new *Treatie* had ordain'd.
Aſh.] It ſhould not bind, becauſe you were conſtrain'd.
Ham.] VVhat's the Religion of the *Hidra* State.
Aſhb.] Indeed they fiercely on that Point debate,
I ſaw the Seed of *Aaron there* oppreſt,
And Prieſts, like *Jeroboam's* courſly dreſt,
As Plague of Locuſts overſpread the Land,
And worſhip'd with unhallowed heart and hand.
Enthuſiaſm Learning did ſupply,
And as in *Jona's* Ship, each on his God did cry.
King] What of the Meſſage lately I did ſend,
Aſhb.] About the ſame they hotly did contend,
And ſucceſſively nights and days did ſpend.
As I thro' *London* paſſed in diſguiſe,
I ſurely learn'd with joy and ſurpriſe,
At laſt your Senate had knock't off the Chain.
King] But furious Weapons naked Votes diſdain;
Too long by Jarrs their Intereſt have withſtood,
They paſs'd a Vote, and cannot make it good.
Hear'd you how *Cromwel* to theſe Votes inclin'd.
Aſhb.] No ſignal of Reluctance I could find.
King] From him proceed all my diſtruſt and fears,
Who *Proteus* like, in every ſhape appears.
The Cauſe's farr remote, and hidden, ly
beyond the reach of vulgar Reaſon's eye.
The Juſtice of my Cauſe, that Vote does crave,
I fear it is beyond their power to ſave.

And where's my helpless Queen and Children gone?
Ashb.] She throw sulphurious Mists had *Calais* won,
At her from *Dover* thundring Cannon play'd,
Courage and Beauty all their Force betray'd.
King] Know you what had become of *Charles* my Son,
That blooming Hope, of my declining Throne?
Ashb.] Thro' Wilds, thro' Forrests, and thro' shadie Groves,
Like to some wandring *Trojan* Prince, he roves,
Unknown he lives, if he be yet alive;
Lurking, till time the Juncture may retrieve.
And of your Children no account I found;
They're under Safety's Name, in Fetters bound.
King] And of all Comforts must I be bereft?
Like to a frightful walking Grave I'm left,
Joy of my Life, and partner of my Cares,
For her, to me the doubled Rack appears.
Ham.] O why? O why? would you your Fate suborn,
Prickles as well as Jewels, may Crowns adorn,
What's basely done, must still be Princely born.
Why at your Fate so peevishly repine,
With *Love*, you may in Pomp and Honour shine.
King] What's Hope, or yet fruition of a Crown?
Which fires Ambition, and but gilds Renown.
What wretched *Things*, must Fame and Empire be?
My only Pleasure's lost, quite lost to me.
Love doth my Sorrows in these Chains beguile,
Love, Love, all Reason's banks doth overboil;
For Love, my Soul such agonies endures,
Give me but Vertue's Mirrour for some hours,
And all the Pageantry of State be yours.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT

ACT III.

Enter General FAIRFAX, OLIVER CROMWEL, HENRY IRETON, THOMAS HARRISON, *and* HUGH PETERS *a Minister.*

A Room hung with Lamps.

Enter Hugh Peters *Canting.*

1.

NOw the Lords, and the Levites, and the Lawyers go down,
The Liturgy, Crosier, Scepter, and Crown.
The Lightning will glance e're the Thunder annoy;
Let the Saints shout for joy, let the Saints shout for joy.

2.

When Heaven in its hottest displeasure did rebuke,
The Dust that was guilded, did tremble at a Look.
Prond Nobles its Fury in Fetters did find;
Yea Kings of the Earth in sheckles did bind,
And never to be loos'd, in sheckles did bind.

Crom.] Now Gentlemen, I hope you all have heard
The Course our *Parliament* had lately steer'd;
Lo now, they'll *Charles* re-admit to Reign,
That unexpected Vote my Soul did sting.
Deall they with us as Souldiers or Fools?
Or Pedant Masters with their Boyes at Schools,
Who towring on their Rules, their Schollars dash,
For the least Fault, do threaten with a lash:
By Trophies, Blood, and Wounds, what have you got,
If Racks and Halters, Gibbets be your lot?

Ireton] With him whom you defeat, they'd now combine,
And so unite, us ruine and disjoine.

Yea

Yea which an *Engliſh* Heroe ſhould Diſmay,
Yet unaſſur'd of Fortunes, Lives, or Pay.

H. Peters] I'm vex'd in Soul, for yet the Cauſe of GOD
Is not advanc'd, but underfoot is trode;
And therefore I your humble ſervant move,
You'll to remeed ſuch Ills, this time improve.

Harr.] Juſtling *Ideas* of this Juncture vex,
That hard *Dilemma* doth my VVits perplex;
I fear we muſt Divide or then Disband,
Or diſobey the *Parliament*'s Command.
Once but diſarm, they'll catch the naked Prey;
I'm Traitor deem'd if I but diſobey.

Crom.] Yes *Harriſon*, he's truely hit the Point,
Our danger and our ſafety now are Joint.
Since all that can be dear's at the laſt ſtake,
Reſolve to yield, or then this Treaty break.

Fair.] I armed for their Quarrel and Command,
By that ſame Order ſhould I not disband;
Should their juſt Right unto the Sword give way,
Power muſt not climb, where Dutie bids it ſtay.

Crom.] If we be Mercenaries and no more,
We ſhould the Sword to them who gav't, reſtore.
VVhy? to themſelves of all ingroſs the ſwey,
Are we not Free-born *Engliſhmen* as they.
And Gentlemen, I plainlie do averr,
As privat Men, ſo *Parliaments* may err.

Ireton] There, Votes themſelves in number onlie pride,
To right by Reaſon's Compaſs do not guide

Crom.] No longer my diſpleaſure I'll conceal,
I'll from this mungrel *Parliament* appeal;
And for the Peace of theſe diſtracted Lands,
Purſue theſe Meaſures GOD puts in my hands.

Ireton] If ought the Body collective do ply,
Dare they who repreſent the Suit deny,
Then ſuch a breach of Truſt will looſe the ty.

Why, on this lawful Remedy demur?
Now Power, to its firſt Fountain does recur:
The more, by Treaties they the King apply,
More nearly, in our Safety, you ſhould pry.
I find, they but cajol, that we'll partake
Of ſuch Proviſions for themſelves, they make.
Fair.] But on ſuch Terms, they with the King do cloſe:
May we not that important Truſt repoſe?
Crom.] Ah No! Ah No! Project you what you will;
Without a Pow'r to force, they'll not fulfil.
A Monarch once defeat, and then confin'd,
Seals up Revenge within his haughty Mind.
Nought can a King to his own Subjects bind:
H. Peters] Tho' Plies, by Hundreds ſhould ſuch Fetters make,
As *Samſon* did his Cords, he ſuch can break.
How can you, by theſe fatal ſluggiſh Fears,
Thus tempt that *God* who for our Cauſe appears?
[*Exit* Hugh Peters.
Fair.] The *Senate*, to our Swords their *Being* owe;
Should they not, Meaſures for our *Safety* ſhow?
Crom.] Let them, with their dead Letter of the Law,
The ſilly-blinded People over-awe:
And if with us, they'll need diſpute the Cauſe,
Whilſt I have Arms, I do not fear their Laws.
Har.] What? have I overcome! and do not know,
What Conquered, to Conquerours do owe?
And you, who in the Brunt like Ramparts ſtood,
From Conqueſt's Spoils, like Fools your ſelves exclude?
Brave Victory! and yet no Safety know,
But in the Shelter of the conquer'd Foe.
Fair.] If what we've done, you could Rebellion call,
We and the *Senate* both, as Traitors fall:
But ſince th' Expedient for true Concord 's found,
Duty and Safety both Deſires ſhould bound.
Be not afraid of Change or Chance of Time,
When Powers conjoin'd, indemnify the Crime.

Har.] *Cromwel*, led forth by your All-conquering Hand!
What could the Succeſs of my Arms withſtand?
I, to your Conduct all the Glories owe,
Which, for my Spoils and Trophies current go.
Did not this bloody Sword, where e'er I drew,
Even to the Chaſe, the Cavaliers purſue!
And in the Flight, by Heaps, and Thouſands ſlew?
Even as for ſuch Heroick Deeds deſign'd,
Will ſcarce Belief, but Admiration find.
I'll ſtill your Souldier be; O, tell me now!
What Courſe, I in the Juncture ſhall purſue?
I know no other Law, but follow you.

Crom.] Againſt no armed Enemies, I fight;
Adviſe, what Meaſures ſhould maintain our Right.
They, by the King us ſtrangely over-awe;
By 's being in their Hands, Advantage draw.
And he, now toſs'd like Fortune's Tinnice-Ball,
Juſt as the Racket moves, does riſe and fall:
On any Terms would gladly be a *King*;
And tho' coop'd up, he's ſtill upon the Wing.
The *Parliament*, to magnify their Power,
This Titulary King, aim to ſecure:
All Wits at Work, the Armie to defeat,
And like an intermitting Pulſe, they beat.

Har.] Why they, in Maſſy Chains their King conſtrain,
That they, of him may their Conditions gain.
He call'd them for a Council by his Write;
And 's forc'd as their Capricious VVills indite:
If that to them doth ſuch Advantage bring,
'Tis lawful too for us to ſeize the King:
And we'll with him, their Thunder-Bolts defy;
Perhaps he'll grant to us what they deny.

Iret.] And ſtill, a *King* can never be ſo mean,
But that his Name, a Party can maintain.

Fair.] In ſuch Attempts, I certain Danger ſee;
Therefore deliberate e'er you decree.

'Tis

'Tis brave! but execute againſt a Law,
May ſtir up Quarrels, many Hazards draw.
Iret.] Once Order give; let's ſee, who dare controul?
Power ſtrugling, not the *Law*, is now the Rule.
Crom.] By this firſt Step, we'll future Succeſs ſcan,
VVho'll give Command, and who ſhall be the Man?
Fair.] For Order's ſake, the VVarrant may be mine;
And I the ſame for *Harriſon* deſign.
Har.] Now, now, to Execution I'll proceed:
Sir, your Command does juſtify the Deed.

[*Exit* Harriſon.

Iret.] I know he's godly, valiant, and brave;
Quickly he goes when you the Signal gave.
Crom.] The General is cautious and juſt,
To ſuch a Man, committed ſuch a Truſt.

[*Exit General* Fairfax.

Re-enter Hugh Peters.

H. Peters] I ſaw huge Armies driving on the Plain,
Swift March, retarded by their heavy *Train*.
Earth groans beneath their Feet, the Hills around,
Flatt'ring the Noiſe, reſtore the dreadful Sound.
VVhen all run here and there, the furious Horſe
Beats o'er the trembling Fields, with nimble Force:
Straight dreadful Sparklings, from their Arms appear,
Fill with unuſual Light, the wondering Air:
For whilſt long-battl'd Lines were in Aray,
The frighted Hinds and Citizens gave way.

[*Whiſpering to* Cromwel.

Duke Hamilton *and* Langdale *are join'd.*

Crom.] 'Gainſt me dare theſe Malignants yet rebel?
That Royal Rout, with brandiſh'd Sword I'll quell,
And ſend them bellowing ſtraight Poſt to Hell:

[*Enter Duke of* Hamilton *at the other end of the Stage*; Cromwel *starts up, and meets him.*

D. *Ham.*] Nor Fear, from Danger, nor from Baſeneſs, Shame,
Nor Reaſon, you from Fury does reclaim:
For ſome portentous Crime, I'm ſure you're born,
By Fortune ſav'd, to perpetrate are ſworn,
Why you, my Maſter in ſtrict Bonds detain
Now when the *Senate* had knock'd off the Chain.

Crom.] O'er Heaps of Carcaſſes, I rode in State;
With ſuch, my trackleſs Path of Glory beat;
And, of my faithful Service, I repent;
Nor King, nor Senate, gave me yet Content.

D. *Ham.*] O curs'd Ambition, raging Luſt of Powr!
Can Sacred Rights or Civil be ſecure,
When Wrong and Cruelty 're improv'd by Art,
And Rage is furniſh'd with a lawleſs Dart?

Crom.] Yet from Confuſion, Order ſhall appear;
I'll with this Hand, a nobler Syſtem rear;
Theſe, by themſelves perpetuat the Sway:
Juſtly their Being I diſown: For why,
How can I, Meaſures with ſuch Men adjuſt:
Who'll judge, if they have kept or broke their Truſt?
And to ſupport the Frame 's their anxious Care?
The Common-wealth is wrack't, I'll have my ſhare;
And firſt, the *Hydra*-State I'll fairly kill.

D. *Ham.*] A ſtrong Temptation to do bravely ill:
So your indulgent Mother you betray,
And thro' her Bowels, Spider-like make way;
Still baſely chooſe, ſuch Quarrels to purſue,
For which no Triumph could be juſtly due.
Once ſet my Maſter free; will nought perſwade?

Crom.] You ſeem to ſpeak as if you would Bravade.
Here if your *Grace* would Pow'r or Valour try,
I, on the Juſtice of my Cauſe rely:
When this Endeavour fails more ſtill contrive;
Curs'd by your Kirk at Home, you cannot thrive!

D. *Ham.*] All

D. *Ham.*] All Symptoms of a baſe ungrateful Mind,
So foul, that which is worſe is hard to find.
Triumphant Treaſon, yet no Thunder flies;
Faithleſs is Man, and faithleſs are the Skies:
May on their Head, their groundleſs Curſes fall:
Can I reſiſt Duty and Honour's Call?
I'll with my Sword, that Inſolence chaſtiſe:

Crom.] Let that decide the Quarrel when you pleaſe.

[*They both draw, and fight.*

Crom.] O truſty Weapon, which did never fail,
'Gainſt this Gigantick Son of Earth, prevail!

D. *Ham.*] O Kill, O kill, the monſtruous Traitor kill!
Were but my Strength unbounded as my Will!

Crom.] I think you fight as if you would recoil:

D. *Ham.*] No, my enraged Blood does over-boil.

Crom.] Render your Sword; one Thruſt will vanquiſh now.

D. *Ham.*] Until my Heart-ſtrings break, I will purſue.

Crom.] In vain, in vain you ſtrugle with your Fate;
You're Priſoner of War, my Guards do wait.

D. *Ham.*] Here run me thro', no longer let me live!
For why ſhould I, my Miſery ſurvive?

Crom.] No, yield, no, yield; the ſafer Part you'll chuſe:
I bravely conquer'd, I'll as bravely uſe.
Here Guards, Go, take your Priſoner away!

D. *Ham.*] Reſtraint, my Royal Cauſe ſhall not betray.

Crom.] Guards, hold him faſt, double the maſſy Chain!

D. *Ham.*] Yet at my Fate, I am not to repine.

Crom.] But for your Crimes, you're ſubject to the Laws.

D. *Ham.*] There is no Law that can decide my Cauſe:
I'm Priſoner of War, ſo would be treat
Honour and Law of Arms can never cheat:
Therefore reſpect my Quality and State.

Crom.] Should vanquiſh'd Priſoners Conditions make?
What Pity yields, Emergencies may break.
In vain, by State or Quality you plead:
Yes, for your Treaſon, you ſhall pay your Head.

D. *Ham.*

D. *Ham.*] Treaſon! for Duty, O unhappy time,
Can Succeſs juſtifie the fouleſt Crime?
I'm ſav'd to be capricious Fortunes ſcorn,
The Royal Cauſe by ſuffering to adorn;
And tho' I quite the Stage without applauſe,
Am poſting to deſtruction's very jaws,
No tribulation ſhall betray the Cauſe.
Wrapt up in my untainted Innocence,
'Gainſt all misfortunes ſtroaks moſt ſure defence.
Racks, Torments, Death it ſelf, I can endure,
Thus fearleſs paſs away the fleeting hour. [*Aſide*

[*He is carried off Priſoner.*

Re-enter Thomas Harriſon.

Crom.] Pray Sir, how did your Priſoner behave?

Harr.] His Countenance was ſomewhat ſtern and grave,
Tho under your Command this Sword I wear,
He'd for my warrant like a fool enquire,
And further ſaid, are ye to murder me?
No Sir, ſaid I, reſerved you ſhall be,
For JUSTICE BRIGHT EXAMPLE: You muſt wait,
Till time wind up the myſterie of Fate.

Crom.] The very aſpect of a King in ſome
Had ſtruck an aw, their courage overcome:
And was you not affraid?

Harr.] I forward on this Grand Atchivement went,
My fancy did no Bugbears repreſent:
I'm ſure no cauſe of fear was to be ſeen,
Unleſs that ſuch had in *Idea* been.
And well may I, a Prince's frown endure,
When ſtript of all his Royal Pomp and Power.

Crom.] Did in the People Diſcontent ariſe,
When you ſo briskly brought away the Prize?
Could you no grudge or grumbling perceive?

Harr.] When I in Triumph led my Royal Slave,
The manner by my Prudence was devis'd,
The Mobb with ſuch a ſight would be ſurpris'd:

Whilſt

Whilſt Drums and Trumpets did the noiſe reſound,
I with my Squadrons did his Coach ſurround;
So whilſt the Idol King himſelf would ſhew,
They'd in that Glorious Servitude him view,
Nor Grandeur from Captivity they knew.
At full Career we marcht along the Plain,
And in this Pomp he drag'd about his chain.

Crom.] You've bravely done! but how is he ſecur'd,
Since to that end you likewiſe were impowr'd?

Ireton.] If he eſcape, how will you be content?
That ſurely greater broils might yet foment.

Harr.] In's Palace, now his Priſon, up he's lockt,
From all diverting Intercourſe is blockt;
Yet at ſuch times, and ſuch as I think fit,
To viſit him I freely do admit:
I do't, to add to all his Diſcontent,
Inſtead of comfort, anguiſh will torment.
Let thoſe who've ſeen him ſeated on a Throne,
Behold him under all theſe fetters groan.

H. Pet.] He may recal his errors to his mind,
A meditation fit for one confin'd;
But that he will not do. -------

Crom.] ------ But rather chuſe
Himſelf with thoughts of Liberty to rouze.

Ireton] Whilſt with ſtrong conflicts ſafety we purſue,
Some Inſurrection may the work undo.

H. Pet.] Becauſe no calm this Seaſon can afford,
Throw the unskilful *Pilot* over board.
By Reaſon and Religion I could prove,
You wicked *Kings* ſhould from the World remove.

Ireton] Our Primæve Pow'r now let us re-aſſume;

H. Pet.] And of that chained Idol make the doom:
Whoe'er oppoſe this work, yet I'll be plain;
Without his Blood, you'll ſwim in Blood again.

Enter

[*Enter* John Bradſhaw

Crom.] Welcome you Oracle of Law and Truth. ——
H. Peters] And in this Glorious *Sanhedrim* preſide.
Ireton] This Court of your Abilities has need.
Brad.] The meaneſt Member for a Preſes chuſe;
My well known Zeal my weakneſs ſhould excuſe:
To viſit Earth *Aſtrea* once intends,
And in her Chariot from the Clouds deſcends.
Here, *here*, and only *here*, a Seat can find,
The Goddeſs knows the way, tho' ſhe be blind.
Me to aſſiſt I ſee her ready ſtand,
Holding the well-pois'd Ballance in her hand.
Crom.] Me Agonies of Soul, and pangs, and throws
Deeply affect, diſquiet my Repoſe;
With tears, believe me, trickling down my Eyes,
I Heav'n implor'd, and Heav'n does me adviſe.
After much wreſtling in Prayer with God,
My troubled Spirit muſt ſhake of the Load;
Yea, Heav'n its Will from me did nowiſe hide,
Thro' Seas of Blood the ſhattered Veſſel guide;
Or then this Tyrant muſt be laid aſide:
Pity and Juſtice now divide the ſtrife;
You cannot ſave your ſelves, without his Life.
Ireton] But how that ſhall be done let's firſt debate.
Harr.] Shall Piſtol, Poiſon, Dager, make his Fate?
For by Precedents I can make't appear,
Why ſhould we bogle, when the matter's clear?
Crom.] Things juſt, when execute againſt a Law,
May many Clamours, many hazards draw.
Such of us as are Members of the *Houſe*,
Juſtice it ſelf to Duty will induce:
I muſt with ſuch as are not on my ſide
Threaten, Allure, by Policy divide,
And that the People may be kept in aw,
Be ſure it have the colour of a Law.

Brad.]

Brad.] Juſtice, that moral univerſal tye
Aloud the People for the ſame do cry,
Some few, perhaps, miſled by fond eſteem
Wou'd Kings from Law and Puniſhment exeem;
Who in his Pride had trampled on the Laws,
Without Atturneys here ſhall plead his Cauſe.
H. Pet.] We're happy, that within theſe Walls you lodge;
At the *Laſt Day* the Saints the World ſhall judge.
Crom.] That ſtrong *Malignant* Partie in the *Houſe*
Did theſe the *King* reſtoring Votes produce.
Aud of their Priviledge it is no breach
Of Miſdemeanours, ſuch I can impeach.
Iret.] Juſtice will be deny'd
Crom.] I'll be reveng'd
Iret.] The Tyrant, not the Tyrany, is chang'd.
Themſelves the ſupream Power they falſely call;
O then! We have no Remedy at all.
Har.] Here's Remedy, appeal unto our Power,
From their incroaching Laws, our Right ſecure.
My Soulliers moſt readily obey,
And fearleſs, to the boldeſt On-ſets fly.
That advantageous to our Cauſe may prove:
We like an undevided Body move.
Once ſhuffle them,
Crom.] Then I ſhall play the Game.
Firſt ſuch diſcard by Force, as I ſhall Name.
Har.] I'll do't; they's once be garbled to your mind;
The wretched remnant to your pleaſure bind.
Iret. But of the People take this ſpecial care;
Their minds for this ſurprizing Change prepare.
Crom.] If my Advice be ſafe, I giv't in charge.
Former *Remonſtrances* ye do inlarge.
Crave Pay, Arears, Security, and next,
At Juſtice Bar *Delinquents* may be fixt.
The King amongſt the reſt, declaim 't aloud,
Should expiat his Treaſon by his Blood.

Your Souldiers the People ſhould excite,
And to ſuch joynt Petitions them invite.
From *Him*, the only Source, all miſchiefs flow,
And in a word, order the matter ſo:
This for the Peoples joynt deſire may current go.
H. Peters] So Mortals, when they act as Heav'n deſires,
God with ſucceſsful means and ways inſpires.
Hail mighty General, come lead on the Van,
They'll God-like Honours pay you man by man;
And whilſt the proſperous Gale doth fill your Sail,
Let not your Piety your Courage vail.
But ſince of both the Cauſe does ſtand in need,
You're call'd to this great work, O then proceed!
God's Cauſe, a Glorious Name, unſhaken Power
Courage may rouze, the Victory ſecure.
Crom.] Such Bladders bear me up in ſtorm and ſtream;
I unconcern'd through reeking Gore can ſwim.
Iret.] O *Bradſhaw*, Great's the truſt repos'd in you!
Brad.] I'll to th'intended purpoſe manage't too.
Crom.] Pray do: The garbled *Houſe* will think it fit,
The *Tryal* of the Cauſe to you commit:
Homage, to Reverend Judges due, acclaim;
Of JUSTICE-HIGH-COURT it ſhall bear the name;
And Sir, where you'll PRESIDE, let none your Conduct blame.
Brad.] The form's preſcrib'd, if I obſerve't, I'm ſure
I act but by a delegated Power.
Iret.] Our former ſtruglings ſhould not be forgot;
For ſtill I fear miſcarriage of the Plot.
You to the People by that Draught lay down
A Power in no Eſtate themſelves did own,
And grant they had, it does not warrant you,
Till by expreſs conſent they do't allow.
Crom.] Tho ſome diſſent, yet we are ſtill ſecure,
The *Commons* are th'original of Power.
What theſe enact for Law, muſt be obey'd,
And to the work both Right and Force apply'd.

[*Enter* John Cook *holding a Paper.*

Brad.] Have ye drawn up that *Charge* againſt the KING?

Cook] Yes, *here* to be perus'd, I't ready bring.

Brad.] Since that muſt be the Rule by which you plead,
And we're to Judge, I order't to be read.

Cook] I CHARLES STUART in the *Commons* name accuſe;
Why He an Arbitrary Power did uſe,
And not the Lawful Limited would chuſe:
A King! who ſhould their Liberties defend,
Had Tribute pay'd him for that very end,
To Levy force, proud Banners to diſplay;
Yea, Subjects! Subjects! cauſe by thouſands ſlay:
Spoils, Rapines, Devaſtation we have felt;
And all the *Engliſh* Blood that has been ſpilt:
This CHARLES STUART I charge him with the Guilt.
Therefore, &c. And ſhall I read it out at large?

Harr.] No: blacken him, but compendize the Charge.

Cook] And next, the *Charge* by Witneſſes I'll prove;
That being done, the *Court* for Judgment move:
I'll prove, he Armies led with Sword in hand,
Did Men to fight, and burn, and ſlay command
At *Naſeby* Fields, *&c.* and many Places more,
Where the poor *Engliſh* walter'd in their gore.

Iret.] What if the Juriſdiction he deny?

Crom.] Doubtleſs he will. ——

Cook] —— But I to that reply,
By Law he muſt plead guilty, yea, or not,
Then that demurer's over-rul'd by vote.

Brad.] Ha, ha, the fundamental he'd ſubvert,
The *Court* its Juriſdiction will aſſert.

Iret.] May not the Soveraign Prince that name of dread,
Immunity from all Tribunals plead.

Brad. I Famous *Greece* and *Rome*'s Records perus'd,
The People the Chief Magiſtrate accus'd:
And if from *Scotland* you'd Examples draw,
Avowedly they puniſht Kings by Law.

H. Peters] When

H. Pet.] When Tyrants in their Pride with Heaven do clash,
God does most justly such in pieces dash.

Bowing to the Cabal.

All haill, all haill, by divine Wisdom blest;
Did your Ancestor's Tyranny resist?
That Noble Blood yet sparkles in your Veins,
And this most grievous Yoke of *Kings* disdains:
Your Native Liberties secure.
O exercise your Justice and your Power;
I you by their immortal, free-born Souls adjure
Brad.] Religion does this bleeding State divide
Shall *Presbyter*, or *independant* Pride
Which of the two, to this our Concience guide.
H. Pet.] Both Parties on the Plot did first agree:
Glorie! the Execution you'll decree,
And tho the one sprang from the others Womb,
Yet of the Parent let's erect the Tomb
Ere my Designs shall not effected be, [Cromwel *aside.*
The *British* World shall tremble under me
I see it work: O! it goes bravely on,
And *Charles*'s Blood shall for his Crimes attone
Yes, yes, I will that *Parliament* chastise:
They bound the Victim? I will sacrifice
For by this Sword that's hanging by my side;
I'll steer the Helm, I'll once the Spoil divide
By *Heavens*, and all that Mortals sacred call
I'll write his *Mene Tekel* on the Wall.
Har.[Why shou'd vain Disputs still perplex your head
Brad.] The well digested Plot shall now succeed
Cled in my Scarlet Robe, I'll proudly try,
All Fears and Threats, and *Arguments* defy.
Be sure, that mock of Majesty shall die
H. Pet.] Rejoice, rejoice; hasten the glorious Day
For which so many thousand Saints do pray.

[*Exeunt omnes*

ACT IV.

Enter the QUEEN, PRINCE of WALES *leading her*, LADIES *of* HONOUR *attending; All in Diſguiſe.*

Queen] I Trembling, on this *Britiſh* Soil appear;
What ſpeaks my Courage, does increaſe my Fear:
When for my panting Soul, I ſeek Relief,
My Joys reviving aggravate my Grief.

Prince] Thro' Scouts and Guards, we've paſſed in Diſguiſe;
Now the moſt narrow Scrutinies deſpiſe:
For lo, kind Heaven, our joint Deſires has heard,
And from an Ambuſh, all the Paſſage clear'd!

Queen] Deſires and Fears in me divide the Striſe;
I'd gladly ſee my Love, but ſave my Life.
Let me but ſee him, then I will forget,
Theſe Crowds of Dangers did my Way beſet.

Prince] And now my Hopes have former Fears out-done.
Are you his Conſort? am not I his Son?

[*A Screen is drawn, and the King comes out.*

King] What ſtrange deluding Spectters theſe I ſee!
They move like real Bodies, nearer me.
Am I awoke, or in a Dream or Trance!
Shall I retire, or may I yet advance!

[*On his Knees.*

Prince] Great Sir, no Phantom does abuſe your Sight.
Wing'd with Deſire, we took this ſudden Flight:
Nor Fears, nor Dangers could withſtand our Way.
This, your afflicted *Queen*, nought could diſmay.

[*They ariſe. The King takes the Queen by the Hand.*

King] My Senſe and Reaſon ſeem to interfeir,
Surpriz'd to ſee, that you adventur'd *here*.

Queen] I heard too oft, to what ye were redact;
That Malice blackeſt part was to be act;
And whilſt the Clouds were thickening a pace,
One Sight might yet my drooping Life ſolace;
Nor Floods of Dangers could ſuppreſs my Flame;
Some yet remain, I others overcame.

King] And now my Senſe does all my Doubts remove:
Shall I admire your Courage, or your Love?

Queen] The Agonies, and Pangs, and Throws, I felt,
Known to your Foes, did not to Pity melt!
My high-born Soul, to one Demand, did bow,
You the only Object of my Love, to view.

King] They knew, that me, would more and more torment;
A new Engine of Cruelty, invent:
For theſe my Foes will needs my Doom reprieve,
And for more Tortures, keep me ſtill alive.
This your *Angelick* Preſence, they withdrew,
Whoſe Vertue, all Diſaſters can ſubdue;
And if I'd value Life, it is for you.

Queen] When as your Subjects did my Sute deny,
Rackt with Deſpair, I had reſolv'd to dy,
Yea by one Blow, all Miſeries defeat,
The only Cure adapted to my State:
A Dagger once was ready in my Hand;
Hopes of Relief, the Thruſt did countermand.

King] O Heavens forbid, that ſuch a fatal End,
Through ſuch Deſpair, our ſpotleſs Love attend!
The beſt Examples of that Fact, deceive;
It was not pious, tho it ſeemed brave.

Queen] When as the Horrour of the Fact did fright,
I pray'd, O Soul, unbody! take thy Flight!
In Vehicles of Air, thy ſelf convoy,
That thee, my lovely *Charles* may enjoy!
The laſting pure Delight ſhall never cloy!
Aſſum't, the Airy Body may condenſe,
Converſe his Soul, and then affect his Senſe.

How

How pleasing and how welcome would thou be,
And let the *Phantom* but resemble me.
Prince] Such soarings, chains of flesh, and blood may clog.
Queen] I'd ty'd my Body to the floating log;
Without the Hatches, Cable, Sails, or Helm,
I'm not afraid, tho it should overwhelm:
Driven with the wind, through raging Oceans stray,
Where glareing Monsters bolt through waves away:
Nor one nor other me shou'd overthrown;
They d' pitied me, had they my errand known.
Perhaps some Gentle Gale might waft me o're
By Divine Wonder, on your *British* Shoar.
Thousands of thoughts my troubled Soul pursue,
And lo I'm *here*, and yet I know not how.
King] With Scouts and Guards, in Prison Walls immur'd,
And *there* what torments have I not endur'd?
Yet for this interview did hourly groan,
More than to be reseated on my Throne;
Now show'rs of arrows may 'bout my Temples play,
The sight of you their sharpness doth allay.
Queen] And *France* in all its gaudie Pomp and Pride,
The Place where in this Storm my self I hide.
France, *France!* whose Glory Monarchs envy drew,
My fretting languour ever doth renew:
Embitters all the Comforts of my life,
Where I'm at once your Widow and your Wife.
King] If Fate my Pristine Glory should restore,
And tho kind Heaven superadded more,
Than ever I or *Brittain* had before;
Yea all the Pomp and Splendour of the Glob,
My longing Soul of inward peace should rob.
Millions of Crowns at my Command and bow,
I'd lay them down, as Tribute of your Due.
Queen] And ill should I that Princely heart deserve,
If I from Laws of *Love*, or Duty swerve.

When I behold you, with these Fetters ty'd,
Judge, what, by my sad Mein, may be imply'd.
Weighted with Grief, I to Remembrance call
Our Glorious Pomp and Splendour at *Whitehall*.
Treasures in Plenty, floating on the Streams,
At every Tide, came flowing up the *Thames*;
And all the Pleasures of the Nuptial Knot
Born to Delight, were flutt'ring on the Spot,
Where thousand courteous Shees, about you move;
And by their Fate, were plyant made to Love.
Strong irresistless Charms, these did display.
Your very Thought, from me, could never stray.
O then, how happy I, who did enjoy,
Without a Rival, what could never cloy!
That Royal Soul, that Amiable Breast,
Pleasures, none but my self, did ever taste!
And then, as well as now, my Life did prove
Rapture and Transport of unbounded Love.

King] As precious Gems, a Diadem adorn,
The Rising Sun dispels the Shades of Morn.
And Stars, when they, in dazeling Splendour, rise,
Darting their Light, Beholders do surprize:
Or Angels, sublunary Glories ape;
And to be seen, assume a Femal Shape:
Or *Goddesses*, before one *Goddess* fall,
Without a Contest, yield the *Golden-Ball*:
Or Art, or Nature's sublimated Pride,
In Heaven-like Grandeur, on the Earth to ride.
So you, even like to the *Meridian* Sun,
Shine bright, mount high, the more Approaches shun.
And O how happy I, who did adore
What Fellow-*Demi-Gods* durst not implore!
And in my strongest Conflicts, could lay down
Upon that Breast, the Prickles of a Crown!
For Extasies of Pleasure, Cares did drown.

Prince] Yet

Prince] Yet gently, gently, excess of the Grief
Obstructs these Measures which afford Relief.
I have but seen and heard whilst you did feel
What might melt down the Heart of hardest Steel.
Sir, whilst the Shipwrack threatens to devour,
Without being sunk, can you not swim ashoar?
King] Dangers and Snares compass me round about,
Vehement's the Storm, I cannot ride it out.
Prince] Even let the Vessel with the Tempest drive.
King] In vain: No time the Juncture will retrive.
This massie Crown's too weighty for my head:
Behold my Sceptre's but a broken Reed.
Of my destruction now is spun the Web,
And all my Glorie's at its lowest ebb.
Prince] Against the gods, the Giants wedged War.
King] In strength they us have overpow'r'd by far.
Prince] Tho they usurp the Thunder, Stars, and Poles,
Heaven *Massanellos* for sometime extols
King] See bandy'd Force against my *Right* prevail,
And all the Supports of my Grandeur fail.
Tho underpropt, they can no longer last;
They totter and they nod at every blast
Terrors in various Shapes, 'gainst me are bent,
As specious Guile or Malice can invent.
Like *Syrens* charming to Destruction's Jaws,
Or *Parthian* Tigers with their gilded Claws.
Hydra with thousand Serpents may be arm'd;
And yet at these I shall not be alarm'd.
Death I contemn in all its frightful Forms,
In brazen Bulls, in Scaffolds, Racks or Storms.
Rights of Religion and the Rights of Kings
Unto my earth-surmounting Soul give Wings.
Queen] Support me *Charles*----
Prince] ----Madam you'r in a Swoon,
And whilst I'd bear you up, ye still fall down.

[*The Lady* Buccleugh *in the Retinue, advances, to wait on the Queen fallen down dead.*

La.Buc.] O Prince, your ſpeechleſs Queen wants ſtrength to riſe;
By Love and Sorrow ſlain, ſee how ſhe lyes!
And O! What Strength the Torture could endure:
You to the Dart have join'd Deſpair of Cure.

King] At this firſt ſight, Love did Aſſaults begin,
And Thruſts, ſo long the ſpunk of Life is in.
In vain I ſtrove; for lo! the Pain doth pleaſe;
Yea, though I would, the Arrow will not ceaſe;
But ſtabs me through and through, as ſhot of new:
So, if I've given a Wound, I'm wounded too.

La. Buccl.] When Love, the laſt and ſad Farewell's to Seal;
Strength thus aſſaulted, may begin to fail.
Though you're not furniſht with ſufficient Arms
T'oppoſe ſuch Vertue, and ſuch Beauty's Charms;
Pity the Smart, where no Relief is found!
Each Glance a Dart, and every Dart's a Wound.

King] Perhaps her Spirits to her Heart retire,
Fearing the loſs of what ſhe values dear.
As Eyes infect by others Eyes, grow ſore;
The lovely *Baſilisk* has wounded more.

La. Baccl.] Is't not enough, that Love 'gainſt Life prevail?
Why, with the Horrours of a Death aſſail?
Yea, *Deſperadoe* like, the Fight renew,
And if you've murther'd, would be murther'd too?

King] So ſhall the Shadow its own Body leave;
To the wild Boar, the harmleſs Lamb may cleave.
Or can what's weighty not to downward tend?
Can the rebounding Echo Mountains rend?
The Stars their wonted Courſes may forſake,
Or yet the boundleſs Ocean, Waters lack;
Nature's waſt Frame, by ſingle touch remove:
Yet whilſt I live, I cannot ceaſe to love.

La. Buccl.]

La. Buccl.] You when a ſtripling Youth, by all admir'd
The gen'rous breaſt, Love early had inſpir'd.
Yea, charming Nymphs, enamour'd of the Swain,
Strove who'd love moſt, their Pleaſure was their Pain.
For born to Crowns, and all this Sov'reign Sway;
What Fools Ambition courts, he could deny.
But *here* th' unpity'd Victim lyes,
Of Monarchs Love th' unvaluable Prize,
O'rcame your ſtubborn Heart with irreſiſtleſs Eyes.

Prince] All Symptoms of approaching Death appear,
Paleneſs, and cloſing Eyes, diſhevel'd Hair.
Madam, I fear ſhe'll not revive, for why,
No Cordial for her Smart you can apply.

La. Buccl.] Allow ſome Intermiſſion to the Pain,
Till Life, not quite expir'd, return again:
Let's gently lift her up, and Love give o're.

Prince] To Senſe, from this Diſorder, her reſtore.

[*To the Queen.*

La. Buccl.] You who ſtupendous Hazards overcame,
Should Grief, or cowardly Fear, ſuppreſs the Flame?
Ah no; but bravely hold it out: revive.

Queen] To be o'erwhem'd with Grief, why ſhould I live?

[*The Queen is raiſed up.*

King.] And long e're now, I had my Breath reſign'd;
Yes, yes, my Hand the Mean ſhould quickly find:
But Fate for ſomewhat more has me deſign'd.

Queen] Why ſtill on me the ſhining flame retort?
Nought but a flaſh of Love does Life ſupport.
Now may fierce Lions me in pieces tear,
Each *Britiſh* Port, and City have a ſhare,
Or may the hunted *Caledonian* Boar
Me, on ſome mounted Theatre devour.
With Life impal'd, on Scaffold mangled ly,
To glut their Malice, thouſand Deaths I'd dye:
Yea, let them Majeſty it ſelf prophane;
Load me with Crimes, my Birth or Sex can ſtain.

I'll all with *Amazonian* Courage meet,
Till I this Martyrdom of Love compleat.

King] You matchleſs Vertue to the outmoſt try'd!
What to your Merit can be well deny'd?
Of all Delight and Ornaments bereft;
Nought but this Heart, to love you, me is left.
Or as a Taper, ere't to Aſhes turn,
And blinking out, will ſtill the clearer burn;
In me, whilſt doth the vital Spunk remain,
To Atomes, till I crumble down again.
See *here*, my Blood its Veſſels overboil;
There, to its Fountain, ſeemeth to recoil,
Through ardent Love, that ſtrong impulſive Cauſe,
At every Pore it's like to extravaſe.
My Soul expanded, ſtrives to take its Flight,
To be with yours, unbody at the right.
See how my *paralitick* Joints do move,
And all my Pulſe, and all my Powers beat Love.

Queen] Why more and more ye kindle my Deſire;
Your Love, to equal mine, ſeems to aſpire.
When famous Patterns of unlawful Love
Did by Example, my Deſign approve;
The one could mount on her rear'd Funeral Pyle,
The other, Stings of Death by Aſps beguile.
I, who by a more nobler inſtinct move,
Should by far braver Proofs, *here* ſeal my Love.
Yes, yes, I will, though you ſhould not comply;
Sure ſhe but little asks; that aks to dye.

King] When I remember on the happy time
About the World I roam'd in Youthful Prime.
And though unknown, from you receiv'd the Wound:
O how I hugg the Chain wherewith I'm bound!
And in the ſofter blandiſhments of Love,
I might the envy been of Gods above.

La. Buc.] Why more and more the reſtleſs Paſſion move?
She ſeem'd prepar'd for Conqueſt, not returns of Love.

[*King*

King] O ſhe, my Battels fought, and Armies led!
Now glooming Clouds, my Glorie's over-ſhade;
I'm troubled more; it aggravates my Care,
That ſhe, of my Misfortunes, had a ſhare.
Now without more, Love ſhall 'gainſt Life prevail.

Prince] Think on another Cauſe that turns the Scale;
And leaſt the Sight ſhould haſte that Enterprize,
It's fit, we take the Object from your Eyes.

Lad. Buc.] Behold, her Charms were not Effects of Art!
Tho ſhe did wound, ſhe always kept a Heart.

Prince] It's greater Torment to augment the Store;
And by retreating, ſhe but conquers more.

King] Beauty and Vertue, all their Force conjoin'd;
And ſhe's victorious both in Face and Mind,

Prince] A Noiſe of op'ning Doors doth me diſmay!

King] I fear the watchful Jaylors: Flee away!

Queen] Farewel, farewel: Us, muſt theſe Ruffians part?
O Heavens, O Heavens, incurable's the Smart
Through Woods and unknown Deſarts I'll be gone,
There like the Turtle, I the loſs ſhall moan,
Of my dear Mate, and murmure all alone.
Damp't with the lingring Grief at laſt I'll dy,
This Heart a *Mouſolæum* ſhall outvy.

King] O how can words expreſs, what now I feel!
Fondly Embrace, and take the ſad Farewell.

[*Embracing.*

Whether deſcending to Oblivion's ſhade
By Suff'ring, yet more Perfect to be made,
And though you've overcome, I'll not give o're,
In ev'ry State, can love you more and more.

Lady Buc.] Why more, and more ſuch fierce aſſaults renew?
Ye who ſhould comfort, labour to ſubdue,
Strange fight, for as ye conquer'd her, ſhe's conquer'd you.

[*The Queen is carried off.*

King] Important buſ'neſs calls me now away,
Quickly begone, and make no longer ſtay!

My

My Glass is almost run, yet *here's* my care,
For this grand *Tryal* now I must prepare.

Prince] Can your undaunted Breast that Mock dismay?
A Man that's guiltless, needs but little say.

King] What can the purest Innocence acclaim?
Foes, Judges, Criminals, are all the same.

Prince] And I, for Diadems and Scepters born,
Am now capricious Fortune's very Scorn:
Unhappy State! for *here* I dare not stay;
As miserable when I flee away.

King] Eclips'd through my Misfortunes, when set forth,
Be still a Pattern of Heroick worth,
Princely the stroaks of adverse Fortune bear,
Learn how to want a Crown, as well as wear:
My by-past Sorrows why should I recal?

Prince] The Twiggs and Branches with the Root must fall.

King] Through time, th'usurping Faction will decline.
You'll in your native Right and Grandeur shine.
I hear the Jaylors rushing! Do not stay!
Quickly be gone! O quickly flee away.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT V.

Enter His Majesty, *Dr.* Juxton *Bishop of* London, Oliver Cromwel, Thomas Harrison.

SCENE I.

[*A Prison beset with Souldiers.*

The King *and Dr.* Juxton.

King] Conquests and Lawrels should my Arms adorn,
All the stroaks of adverse Fortune scorn:
In vain I with my Destiny contend,
Treaties and *Battles* now are at an end;

And

And I muſt quite the Stage; with what applauſe?
Juxton] I by the ſucceſs meaſure not your Cauſe:
Though for ſome time the wicked man prevail,
Under the Rod, the Patient muſt not fail,
Until the darting light diſpel the cloud.
Proſperity in ſin may ſtill delude.
Here's Triumph never act at conqu'ring *Rome*;
For you, Great Prince, your ſelf have overcome.
King] Of Infelicity it's the worſt State,
That I am now ſo Mean, who was ſo Great.
Juxt.] For you no Tryal can be ſo ſevere,
When furniſht with ſufficient ſtrength to bear,
And malice ſtrongeſt efforts ſeem to ceaſe;
A wiſe Man may be happy when he'll pleaſe.
King] Affairs to this unhappy poſture tend;
My Subjects ſuffer, what they'll not commend.
The Tragedie already is begun,
And Malice to the ſmalleſt threed is ſpun:
My Foes at me point the redoubled Thruſt.
To be ſolemnly cruel would ſeem juſt.
At once all ſtroaks of adverſe Fortune fly.
Juxt.] Thus Heav'n its own, will to the outmoſt try:
'Gainſt you, though Tongues, and Pens, and Hands conſpire,
The Furnace burning, with the hotteſt Fire.
O're you, when Waves like riſing Mountains rowl;
In patience then poſſeſs your Royal Soul.
With double draughts the Bitter Cup they'll fill;
Yea, let the hideous ſtorm rage as it will,
You're ſafe, wrapt up in matchleſs Vertue, ſtill.
King] Now the rough Horns in glittering Coverts wrapt-------
With vails of Piety and Juſtice cled,
And all that could deceive was overſpread;
They kyth a Pace, Life's Sacred Fences cruſh,
At me in native fury ſeem to push.
Juxt.] When Men to Vertue's higheſt pitch aſpire,
Sharpeſt Affliction quickens their Deſire.

Regard

Regard the end of Tryal, not the Smart,
For of the Glory, Suff'ring's but a part.

King] Unhappy man! with what ignoble ſtrife
I've walkt this little journey of my life,
Whilſt frugal Nature only ſeeks for eaſe,
Mind free from cares, a Body from diſeaſe;
But unto me a Fortune is aſſign'd,
Can but in Death no end of ſtrug'ling find.

Juxt.] Vertue comes ſhort of its moſt noble end,
Without ſome adverſe Paſſion do contend:
The Race with Noble Agonies is run,
You've after ſtrongeſt Conflicts bravely won.

King] Long have I been, but ſhort time have I liv'd,
The wrack of my own Fortune I ſurviv'd;
Or, like a Veſſel driven by her Port,
To *Æolus* unſtable Winds a ſport:
Reels to and fro through foamy waves does ſtray,
Much ſhe may ſail, and make but little way.

Juxt.] Vain Man! with anxious care prolongs the ſtrife,
By hope, that ſtrong Impediment of life;
For, not content with what he has to day,
Graſping for more, to morrow flyes away:
Decreped Age a Diſſolution fears,
And begs from Heav'n addition of more Years.
Wild Youth unlawful Pleaſure ſtill approves
By reſtleſs Paſſions, hidden Engines moves,
And both in vain, maintain the painful ſtrife;
They are not part, but drag'd away from life:
But how to live, and how to dy,
That work a man in vigour ſhould apply.

King] What ſtrange diſaſters Mortal Glories wait?
Too long, in vain, I ſtrugled with my Fate,
Muſt ſink by fatal hurrie of the Time,
Under the load of what's my Subjects Crime;
Yet ſtill, ſome faint deſires for life retain,
Hoping that Time may wipe away the ſtain.

To acquiesce, does not decide the Strife;
But makes my Death inglorious as my Life.

Juxt.] Sure Magnanimity becometh best,
When Innocence is blackned and oppreſt:
Yea all the Stroaks of Fortune you can feel——
What are they?
Waves, on a Rock of Diamonds that break,
Waſh't to a greater Brightneſs, cannot ſhake.
You're with th' Advantage of that Wiſdom bleſt;
Time, Fortune, Nature's Snares, which can reſiſt.

King.] Hard State, in which Life I would not refuſe;
And yet to end the Strife, Death freely chooſe:
Since ſometime it muſt be, what needs there Strife,
How, when, or what ſhall cut the threed of Life.

Juxt.] What's Life! vain Word that doth it ſelf belie,
Wreſtling to live, ſure we more truely die;
Vices of Age, and Miſeries of Life,
When duely ponder'd, may decide the Strife.
Here Man, that noble Creature's chang'd and toſt,
Till Time or Fortune ſplit him on the Coaſt
For as the Wind doth blow,
He's ſometime high, and ſometime low,
And like a Beaſt or Machine driven ſo.

[*Enter* Thomas Harriſon *after knocking rudely at the Door of the Apartment.*

Juxt. Why us moleſt, unmannerly apply,
As if the fatal Hour were drawing nigh?

Har.] Now the *High-court of Juſtice* doth agree
It's time to execute their laſt Decree.
The doubled Guards are ſet, the Scaffold's rear'd!
And at the ſharpned Ax, Spectators fear'd!
Th'unruly Mob ſuch fierce Aſſaults renew,
Greedy of Sight:——

King] And I am ready too.

Har.] Life with a Crown is valuable ſtill,
And both may yet be ſafe, if ye but will.

Juxt.] The ugly Sentence paſt, what can prevail?

Har] No Pow'rs bound up, but that it may repeal,
And ye on my Credentials may rely,
They're ſent from *Cromwel*, who bears all the Sway:
I'll them expoſe.---

Juxt.] Let's hear what they contain.

Har.] He'll ſave his Life, and Dignity maintain;
Perſwade him to allow, if he'd be Great,
Another *Syſtem* of the Church and State,
Without a Lording *Prelat*, or a *Peer*,
And he th' Enſigns, *Cromwel* the Sword muſt wear.

King.] No more: That doth my juſt Diſdain renew;
Why tempt ye me, to ſully Honour now?
I have more laſting Glories in my View;
Nor ſhall frail Life's baſe impotent Deſire,
Make me to ſwerve from what I do aſpire.

[*Exit* Harriſon *whiſpering to the Biſhop, that* H. Peters, *and other Preachers were waiting for Acceſs to aſſiſt the King in his Devotion*

King] My Lord, you ſee theſe Rogues purſue my Life,
Adviſe, how with't I'll part without a Strife.
The ebbing Sand's yet running, let's agree,
And ſo from double Torment keep me free:
No more Diſputes 'bout life I will renew;
Since I'm to die, what needs me wreſtle too?

Juxt.] So long the Mortal Load Man groaning bear
He cowardly Death as terrible may fear
Grapling with's horrours, dreads eternal Pain,
For Life, ſo many Blemiſhes did ſtain:

But you whose Nature's from such Dross refin'd,
May combat violent Death with fearless mind.
[*A noise is heard at the Door.*
The *Faction* for your Ghostly Comfort send
Some Preachers of the *Gang*, who now attend.
King] Shall they in this last Agony assist,
Who me betray'd, deceitfully had kiss'd;
Hallow'd the Crime, 'gainst me with Zeal did pray;
After my Thanks, dismiss them then away.
[*Exit.*
Malice unsatiable with my blood
Will needs what's nauseous to my Soul, obtrude.
[*Aside.*
But thou, to whom no secret Thought's unknown,
Wilt have me try'd, but never overthrown.
[*Re-enter Doctor* Juxton.
Juxt.] Man's Life's like to a Post that travels on
From Stage to Stage, until the Course be run;
And in the Journey nought retards the Stay,
He cuts the smoothest, and the rugged way.
King] Sore labour! when he travels, every Stage
Does him with strange encounters still engage.
Juxt.] And yet with all he bravely must contend.
King] When I the ghastly Theatre ascend,
Me some unmanly Fears may overtake,
To think that with such Shame my Heart Strings break.
Juxt.] Through Hope, at last such *Phantoms* disappear,
There's neither Cause of Shame, or Cause of Fear:
For you'll in spight of all they can design,
Through grossest Imputations brighter shine:
Of Death let no *Idea* fright your Mind,
But of a Soul from Body when disjoin'd.
And whilst th' aspiring Soul's upon the Wing,
Think but on him who pull'd away the Sting.
[Harrison *knocks again rudely at the Door, the King and the Bishop come*

out, the Scene changeth, an Army appears, with Drums beating, Colours flying, they open and make a long Lane for the King and the Bishop to pass, and at the other end of the Stage, the Block and the Ax are placed.

King] My Lord, more quickly this slow pace amend,
This Huricane of Life is near an end.

[*Walking.*

Yet foreward, foreward, bravely I'll go on,
As if some Diadem were to be won.

Juxt.] True Symptoms of a Great undaunted Mind;
Happy's the Journey leaves no Cares behind.

King] Fortune with me has most severely dealt;
I yield to Punishment without a Guilt.

[*To the Spectators about the Scaffold.*

T' Unjustice once, through weakness, I gave way:
Heaven doth the Sentence on my self repay.

[*Strafford.*

I die the Peoples *Martyr*, here's the Cause,
That to the Sword I'd not subject the *Laws*.
You've run in this gross Error all along;
For success never justifies a Wrong.
Right Measures for the Kingdoms Peace pursue;
Give *GOD*, his *Church*, and next my *Son* their Due.

Juxt.] Though you from true *Religion* never stray'd,
Now if you please, of't somewhat may be said.

King] I in that Form of Worship persevere,
Whose Purity was still my chiefest Care.
Now rav'nous Wolves and Boars intrude
Where the hedg'd Vine-yard once so glorious stood,
And *here*, I the *True Faith* oppress'd, seal with my Blood

I

I all the World forgive, he'll Witness bear,
[*Pointing to the Bishop.*
Without Exemption those who brought me *here*,
Pray Heaven may not require it at their *Hands*,
Thus my unbounded Charity commands.
Yea, all who ever me injur'd------
As *Man*, or as a *Christian* or a *King*----
Once more I say pursue the Kingdom's Peace;
To the last Gasp, from that I will not cease
[*Turning about.*
And is this Block to be no higher.-----
Har.] ----No:
Thus it must stand, for it was order'd so.
Juxt.] Let not the dreadful Weapon you surprize,
No Fear: For as th' innocent Heifer dies
To angry Gods a spotless Sacrifice.
And all around sheds the atoning Blood;
Yea, stains the Altars with the Purple flood.
So you're most harmless to the slaughter led,
A greater Blood, without a Guilt was shed;
Through that, o'rcome all Terrors of the Shade.
King] I triumph, since to vanquish I'm so sure,
In that bright Pattern, did far worse endure:
For soaring to Perfections highest State,
The Bless, Hopes of Fruition antedate.
Juxt.] Hail Royal Victim! in this Cypress cled
Hail to the living Shrine! Hail to the Shade!
At this exalted Triumph you're to won,
Angels and Saints from Heaven are looking down;
And on an Emp'rors Head, behold the Martyr's Crown.
King] Stript off the Min'stry of fallacious Sense
[*Preparing for the Block.*
Now shall th' eternal perfect State commence:
And I'll that everlasting Crown enjoy,
No Plot, nor yet Disturbance can anoy.

Juxt.

Juxt.] Happy Exchange! With Courage ye lay down
A fading, for an ever Glorious Crown.
King] My Soul a deal of Cordial Joy now draws;
I've ſtill a Gracious GOD, and Noble Cauſe:
Yea Courage once recoiling, ſeems to riſe,
Juxt.] E're you Great Soul unbody for the Skies
There's one Stage more: It's turbulent indeed,
The Pain will ſcarce be felt when't cuts the threed;
And then your Royal Soul ſhall take its Flight
With elemented Duſt a Lodging ſlight.
Shake off the Clog; move in its proper Sphere,
And of the Beatifick Viſion ſhare.
Here's no *Icarian* Wings did once betray,
Let not high ſoaring in the Flight diſmay,
This Stage, will carry you above the *Milky-way.*
King] Now th' unexhauſted Ocean of Delight,
Swallows Reflections, and my Senſes quite.
I know no how, nor where, nor what, nor why——
Juxt.] And lo, can Heart conceive, or Tongue ſet forth
Th' Orb of Glory, adapted to your Worth:
The Heavenly *Chore* will Halelujahs ſing,
O How they'll welcom you the Martyr'd King!
And all diſſolve in Praiſe of the *Eternal Spring.*
King] Set faſt the Block: I'll give the *Sign* anon: [*To the Executioner.*
And then, *&c.*

[*The* King *and the* Biſhop *confer, and pray apart, and after undreſſing for the Block, and yielding, is murthered.*

Juxt.] Wo's me! the innocent bleeding Victim lyes!
O cruel! to be ſeen by tearleſs Eyes.
Who wore the gorgeous Robe, and thorny Crown?
For him, what did befall the *Sacred Town?*
Har.] There's no more uſe for your Devotions now,
Can you ſuch miſapplying here avow?

What

What was't ye whisper'd? why, his *George* ye got,
And Writs, to set on foot another Plot
Against the State: But lest the Poison spread,
Here seise him Guards, let him be Pris'ner made.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.

Enter OLIVER CROMWEL, THOMAS HARRISON.

Crom.] SOme Cowards, a Treach'rous Heart did near deceive,
They seem'd to bogle, at th' Assent they gave,
Would needs the sacred Oracle invoke,
E're they'd determin to inflict the Stroke.
Prostrat before the Altars, we did mourn.

Har.] Heaven to your Pray'rs gave suitable return
He's damn'd, who durst the Voice resist! For lo
I uncontrol'd have giv'n the Fatal Blow,
See *here*, can ye the lifeless Statue know.

Enter Prince of Wales *in Mourning at the other end of the Stage with his Sword drawn.*

Prince.] If injur'd Monarchs their known Rights may sue,
What's Nature's Law? what's an Usurper's Due?
For Crimes of such a dye, what can attone?
A murther'd Father, and a banish'd Son!

Crom.] I took but up that Sword he could not wear,
And since I'm Conqueror, I'll be his Heir.
Titles to Crowns from civil Contracts Spring;
It's *Law* that makes, and takes away a King.

In

It's but in vain a Birth-right to pretend;
For *Publick Safety* knows no private End.

Prince] You talk of *Law*, who Law have overthrown;
My Subjects gave you what was not their own.
Conqueſt! ſo murdering Robbers give't a Name;
Where proſp'rous Villainy admits no Shame.

Crom.] Though Gaudy Enſigns, ſtupid Fools did awe;
Impos'd a *Divine Right*, for human Law.
Yet free born Man, as ſuch muſt needs be us'd;
It's Pow'r that makes the Right, when Right's abus'd:
'Gainſt mine do ye a forfeit Title bring
Of Pow'r? the Peoples Voice is th' only Spring.

Prince] Be bold in Miſchief ſtill, be not aſham'd;
Though you're the Traitor, I'm the King proclaim'd.
O how th' Impoſture *Liberty* deceives;
When you're the Tyrant, ſure they're doubly Slaves.

[*Exit* Oliver *whiſpering to* Harriſon *to guard againſt the King's eſcape.*

Har.] By's Sword, mind but your wreſtling Father's Caſe,
It's fatal to his Fortune's and his Race,
Bears out th' Advantage of its Conqueſt ſtill.
Yield your pretences, e're He'll ſurely kill.

[*Enter Marqueſs of* Montroſe *in Mourning, with his Sword drawn, forcing Paſſage through the Guards.*

Prince] Welcome you matchleſs *Hero*, *Cromwel's* here.
Mont]. Sure there's an Ambuſh laid, do not appear.
Prince] O had he been a King I'd ſtab'd him dead.
Mont.] A *Halter*, not a *Sword* ſhould cut the Threed.
Prince] Others, Conditions to be loyal made,
As *Covenant*, that *ignis fatuus* led.

But

But you, without Reſerve, prov'd foreward ſtill,
And knew no Meaſure, but my Father's Will,
Born for the Support of a Suff'ring Cauſe.
Mont.] Sir, doing Duty, merits not applauſe.
Prince] Your Arm victorious ſtill, reſiſted moſt:
No more, a Conqueſt, dare th' Uſurper boaſt.
Trophies by wonders gain'd, I need not name.
Mont.] Capricious Fortune, play'd the ſcornful Game.
'Gainſt Rebels, Fleets, and Armies yet appear,
Your murther'd Father, on their Enſigns bear.
O! for the Pious King's eclipſed Race,
I'd *Hercules* in all his Labours Trace.
Prince] 'Twixt ebbing Power, and ſucceſs ſtreaming Tide,
Each hurri'd Hour of Life away does glide.
I'm graſping ſtill, when flatter'd with a ſmile:
Some general Rout doth all my Hopes beguile.
Mont.] Fortune her ſelf's unſtable as the Wind;
To you and me ſevere, and ſometimes kind:
We'll bear her Turnings with an equal Mind.
Star forc'd to wander from thy Sphere, ariſe!
Aſſume thy proper Station in the Skies;
Outſhine the *Met'ors*, which abuſe our ſight,
With more refulgent Rayes, now dart thy Light:
Thy Native Light! and *Magnitude* diſplay;
Mountains congeal'd in *Factions* melt away.
Your rallying Squadrons fearleſs I will head.
Prince] So may the Loyal Wiſh at laſt ſucceed.
What Titles to your Merit can be due;
My Right to theſe three Kingdoms then purſue.
It's you, and only you, a Truſt ſhou'd claim,
Worthy of your untainted Blood, and Gallant NAME.
Mont.] I'm born to ſhine with my own Fire and Light,
No need your Royal Hands mould me more bright.
When me this Fev riſh Blood to Arms ſhall boil;
I glory in the Honourable Toil,
And till ye mount your Throne, ſhall not recoil.

I by th' Immortal Gods have deeply sworn,
This Hand your Crown's withheld, must needs restore,
I and Ten Thousand more shall rather in our Gore.

[*Re-enter* Oliver Cromwel *with his Sword drawn.*

Crom.] Are you *Montrosil*, that Man of vast applause,
The *Scottish* Champion of the Royal Cause?

Mont.] Are you that much more famous *Oliver*,
Whose Name's a complicated Crime?

Crom.] ---Beware.
Gaudy with *Scottish* Triumphs ye appear;
You'll find the Steel a little harder *here*.

[*Fighting.*

Mont.] This Knave had Skill to fight, whose hand did know
How to behead three Kingdoms at a Blow;
What! Have I not defeat a braver Foe.

Crom.] Upbraid me not with Glories I have won,
Since I that Noble *Brute* have outdone.

Mont.] Because ye did succeed, be Villain more.

[*Thrusting.*

O were my Sword dy'd with the Purple Gore.

Har.] See how the furious *Scot* on's Valour Towrs;

[*Throwing up their Swords.*

Let's seise the Heir, the Inheritance is ours.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

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ERRATA.

Page 18. betwixt the fifth and sixth line, read on the Margin the word *Henderson*. *pag.* 36. *for* Spider *read* Viper. *pag.* 22. in some few of the Copies, *for* Resolution, *read* Treasure. *pag.* 30. in some of the Copies, *for* Iolf, *read* Life.

Ubi plurima nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendor Maculis.